

ER 60-9103-a

17 DEC 1960

✓
Mr. Harry Goldberg
United States Delegation
UNESCO Conference
American Embassy
Paris, France

Dear Mr. Goldberg:

Thank you for your note from Paris. I read with considerable interest your article on Indonesia, "Guided Democracy," which appeared in Thought magazine.

STAT

[Redacted]

STAT

Sincerely,

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY

SIGNED

Allen W. Dulles
Director

STAT

cc: DDCI

(NOTE: Orig fwd to C/IO by [Redacted] 12/19 w/ this note:
Mr. Dulles has signed the attached letter to Mr. Goldberg but wants it sent only if you agree it need be. -- All copies to C/IO for dispatch if approved.

Signature Recommended:

STAT

[Redacted]
Acting Deputy Director (Plans)

8 DEC 1960

Date

STAT
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IO [Redacted] ve (7 December 1960)

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Chief, IO

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Note: dtr being dispatched by C/IO, 12/23, to the "local" address per [Redacted]

AWD/hue

Mr. Dulles:

STAT

In line with your request, I have talked to [] about Harry Goldberg's request for an appointment. [] will speak to [] as soon as he returns from abroad which will be in the next week or so. In the meantime, it really does not seem necessary for you to send any letter to Goldberg since he says in his letter to you that he will call you and see about an appointment when he returns sometime in early January.

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THOUGHT

Vol. XII No. 46

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America Elects A New Leader

IN America's history, after the most gruelling election campaign, which caused him a stiff arm and a sprained hand thanks to seemingly unending handshakes, Mr John F. Kennedy has won. He has trounced his Republican rival, Mr Richard Nixon by a convincing majority of votes. The event looks like having reduced the Republican Party's victory eight years ago, reaffirmed four years later, to a kind of interregnum in the Democratic Party's triumphant career since Franklin D. Roosevelt succeeded in 1932 in making it the centre of America's political loyalty. The Democrats ruled America uninterruptedly for 20 years; and now they are back in the seat again.

But theirs is a victory in which their defeated rivals will not be losers in any essential sense. The votes they polled will be a constant reminder to the victorious that their programmes and policies must in essence be bipartisan, particularly where national interests are concerned. That is the distinction of a democratic country. Their Governments can and do change without detriment to the basic hopes and interests of the ousted, to put it modestly. Judging from this distance, the U.S. presidential election seems to have been influenced, for the first time in the history of that country, by two factors as by nothing else. These were television and international affairs. Television made it possible for the electors to have in the privacy of their homes a close look at the faces and programmes of the rival candidates and the latter became the inspiration of their endeavours.

No longer could a candidate remain a personage enveloped in an aura or odour as he might well have been without television. Gone are the days when a candidate could make his approach to the electors with the printed word or with thoughtful but fleeting kisses for babies. Now the candidates had to be under the constant stare and scrutiny of those whose suffrage they sought. Whether the intervention of technology in that fashion into a people's politics is all to the good cannot at this stage be said with any degree of confidence. For in order to be able to appeal to the electors a candidate must not only be witty and wise but also attractive in face and figure, though it cannot again be said to what extent this influenced the U.S. electors, a majority of whom were women.

Mr Eisenhower was perhaps the first candidate ever to bring in foreign policy as an important factor in the presidential election campaigns. He became President for the first time in 1952 after he had promised, among other things, to bring back the "boys" from Korea. In the last election campaign, America's prestige abroad became a vital issue, thus subordinating domestic politics to an appreciable extent.

It is however for that reason that the presidential election this time became a subject of world attention on a level never

attained before. If we take India, it would be hard to find an instance when she evinced a comparable interest in the outcome of an election in a distant country. In coffee houses restaurants, offices and even factories sometimes quite a few Indians were found to have been taking bets on one candidate or the other. It would also be true to say that most Indians favoured Mr Kennedy. Why this should have been so is not quite clear. The two candidates treated the unfolding destiny of this country as a matter of keen concern to America. If to Mr Kennedy, India followed "a route in keeping with human dignity and individual freedom" and was therefore deserving in her economic growth of America's "long term interest" to Mr Nixon, India was a country that "needs peace" in order to "consolidate her newly-won independence", and therefore to build a dam in India was as "essential" to America's national interest as to build a dam in California.

It would seem that India's preference for Mr Kennedy arose as much from the perennial human quest for a change, as from the wide-spread belief that the Democratic Party would instinctively be more sympathetic to India's aspirations than Mr. Nixon's Republican, the party of no-changers. The American Labour movement's support as well as the alliance of leading intellectuals in Harvard and Yale with the Democrats also went some way to influence public opinion in this country. That Mr Nixon himself is comparatively small man and instinctively somewhat more alive to the problem of small men everywhere and that Mr Kennedy is a big man usually under no compulsion of personal experience of the trouble and travails of the less prosperous were facts obscured by the spontaneous feeling of solidarity with the Democrats, the party of the "have-nots", in an anachronistic phrase in America's context.

Mr Kennedy will now have to look beyond his victory. In fact, he would have to think of the victorious end of his campaign as but the beginning of the real battle. America has sometimes been described as the unwilling leader of the world. The description was not at all intended as a reflection on the quality of that country's leadership. It was but another way of saying that America did not find its task in the world; the task found America.

The last fifteen years have been not merely a period of time but actually an epoch in world history. The unwilling leader will in the years to come have to be a willing leader, which means greater consciousness of the compelling implications of its task abroad and readiness to make even greater sacrifices. The American people have given Mr Kennedy the necessary mandate. The new President's positive response to that mandate would determine that his people's trust was not misplaced.

What Next in the Congo?

WITH the U.S.A.'s open support to Belgium's strong dissent on the U.N. Secretary-General's representative, Mr. Rajeshwar Dayal's second report on the Congo, it will be futile to expect anything constructive and generally acceptable to emerge from this week's debate in the U.N. General Assembly. But statesmanship and vision may yet have a chance to rescue the debate from futility.

The situation in the Congo is admittedly far too complex to permit a cut and dry solution. But if what is already complex is not to become more complex, it would be necessary not to overlook certain facts. For one thing, it was after all on the Congo's appeal to stop Belgium's attempts to stage a comeback after granting independence to it that the U.N.O. entered the field. Ensuring the independence and integrity of the Congo was thus the objective of the U.N.O. *ab initio*. Secondly, it was in pursuance of this commitment that the special session of the U.N. General Assembly last September censured in no uncertain terms the Soviet bid to intervene in the Congo over the head of the U.N.O. That censure holds good for any power which might seek to circumvent U.N. authority and action.

Judged in the light of these facts, the latest report by Mr. Dayal makes distressing reading. The report has marshalled enough evidence to support its view that there has of late been large-scale influx of Belgian personnel in the Congo, introducing thereby a new volatile factor in a situation already none too easy to tackle. Col Mobutu and his men have at the same time been found to operate as serious deterrents to the U.N.'s efforts to restore normalcy in the country. Belgian presence and incursion has, moreover, been traced to the former Belgian teachers acting as advisers to the Congolese student administrators appointed by Col Mobutu. One of the key advisers of even the Colonel himself is said to be a Belgian army officer. Add to these the involvement of Belgian army officers as heads of the tribal armies in the warfare now raging in several regions of the Congo.

All this spells a return to the Congo of a state of affairs to rectify which U.N. intervention was initially sought by Mr. Kasavubu and Mr. Lumumba, then the undisputed President and Prime Minister of their country. Those two Congolese leaders are now ranged against each other; even the mandate they received at the Congo's first general elections can, therefore, no longer be beyond question. In the criss-cross, and confusing, polarizations witnessed in the Congo during the past two months, one cannot, also be too sure of the mandate and authority of the Congolese Parliament either: it was elected under circumstances altogether different from those of today's. In the event the simple device of the return of authority to the Congolese Parliament and to its nominees for constituting the Government is more a doctrinaire proposition than a practical formula. Mr. Tshombe's breakaway regime in Katanga and the autonomous assertions in Kasai and elsewhere have added further complexities to the situation. Nevertheless it seems most extraordinary for any one to suggest that the way out of the mess that is the Congolese situation today lies in the Congo's return *de facto* to colonial control and guidance by Brussels. Shorn of frills, the latest outburst of Brussels against the Dayal report boils down to suggesting precisely this in effect. And Belgium's protest that it has not walked out of the Congo to make room there for African or U.N. imperialism is that way dangerously demagogic.

However the more important question is, what next in the Congo? Clearly, the answer must be related to reality; and it is no use ignoring that in the situation obtaining in the Congo this implies (1) putting an end to the current chaos there and (2)

helping the emergence of responsible popular authority. From this point of view, there is a ray of hope in the Dayal report's revelation that recent developments in the Congo offer an opportunity for making a fresh start. Only, it seems obvious that a purely doctrinaire approach can help little. Such approach might on the contrary add to the cold war complications much to the detriment of the interests of the Congolese themselves. It would therefore appear the U.N. would be well advised to work with a perspective, so to say, and begin dealing with the first things first.

The proper course would seem to be to bring the operation of Belgian technicians and others in the Congo directly under the control and auspices of the Congo. That the Congo is badly in need of technicians, administrators and other experts is all too plain; and there is some advantage in availing of knowledge and intimate experience and contacts the Belgians have. So long as the U.N. is clear about its objective and strong enough to prevent the Belgians from staging a comeback, there is indeed much to commend in the policy of making full use of their talent and experience in the interest of Congolese freedom and stability. Mr. Krishna Menon's reported move to have a U.N. mandate for immediate clearance of all the Belgians from the Congo is, on the other hand, precisely a brand of doctrinairism that seldom helps solve anything while it might create new tensions and psychological antipathies.

Simultaneously, the U.N. must obviously do something to neutralize Col Mobutu's incursions in Congolese politics. This might call for strong action and preparedness on the part of the U.N.O. to administer the country as a trust until it gets back to normalcy when it would be possible for the Congolese people to choose in freedom those whom they will have govern them. That way it might also be possible to evolve a solution of the problem pushed to the fore by the clash of centripetal and centrifugal forces. The opposition of Belgian and other vested interests in the mining and other concerns in the Congo may not, it is true, be easy to overcome or obliterate. But here again solution can only be found through the Congo's evolution to stability and freedom. To attempt to force the pace of change before this has been achieved would be to perpetuate the misery and uncertainty of which the Congolese are victims today.

Notes of the Week

MR GOLWALKAR'S ADVICE TO THE PUNJABIS

Mr Golwalkar's continuing obsession with the Muslims in and outside India, evident from his remarks in the Punjab recently, is of course deplorable and to be regretted. Conditions have changed almost beyond recognition in the last decade or so, and new dangers have taken the place of old ones which are gradually being left behind as history moves on.

However, when this has been said, the criticism has been more or less made, Mr Golwalkar's various statements in that State must be commended for the sense of realism they show. He has advised the Hindus of the Punjab, who are somewhat militantly ranged against any truck with the Akalis, to unhesitatingly own Punjabi as their mother tongue. The advice is relevant enough considering that large numbers of Hindus in retaliation perhaps to the allegedly communal policies of the Akalis claim Hindi as their mother tongue even when they speak Punjabi at home. Mr Golwalkar suggested that the entire State should be turned into a Punjabi Suba, with safeguards if necessary, for other languages spoken in the fringes. The suggestion if accepted would put the situation on its feet again, as it were. It would be only natural if safeguards were sought for other languages in the Punjab instead of Punjabi.

Mr Golwalkar's suggestion has reportedly thrown the Jana Sangh and the Rashtriya Swayamsevak Sangh membership in the State into something of a dither, and efforts are said to have been

Chanchal Sarkar's Article

Mr Chanchal Sarkar's article, printed on page 9 of this issue, was received practically on the eve of the U.S. Presidential Election. We took the calculated risk of publishing it in the hope that this would indicate to our readers the trend of public opinion during the campaign said to be the briskest and the liveliest since the late Franklin D. Roosevelt triumphed over his Republican rival in November 1932.—Editor.

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made to prevail upon him to withdraw his suggestion for a unilingual Punjabi State. But Mr Golwalkar has only re-affirmed that "no division of the Punjab is now possible on a linguistic basis" and that he condemns the Akali demand "for a Sikh State" because he has "always been advocating unitary form of Government and any division of the country into linguistic, sectarian or any other forms of sub-States is wholly repugnant to our firm view and is intolerable."

The Punjab Chief Minister's reaction to Mr Golwalkar's suggestion has been one of unmitigated welcome. Mr Kairon called the R.S.S. leader's advice valuable, and declared that if accepted it would "cement relations between various commitments". However, a great deal depends upon how the Akalis react. As things are, the Akalis must know themselves that their "movement" is not inexhaustible. While it may be true, though the truth has not yet been demonstrated, that the Akali demand is not easily dismissable on academic grounds, what is needed on the part of the Akali Dal is an appreciation of the practical aspects. Such an appreciation would show that, academically speaking, there is no end to linguistic fragmentation, and that unless halted it would reach down ruthlessly to the village and its dialect. The leaders of the Akali Dal have an opportunity of not only retreating from a fainting agitation without loss of face, but also proving once and for all their sincerity to what they basically stand for—a unilingual Punjabi State.

AN UNPARALLELED ABSURDITY

The word "crisis" has so often been used to describe the state of affairs of the Indian National Congress that it has become as ordinary as measles in the case of young children. Partly a gift of journalists ever eager to ferret out what is newsworthy, the word has nevertheless come to signify characteristic troubles—even if seemingly insoluble—in the internal life of the premier national organization.

Nevertheless, the so-called crisis now enveloping the organization in Uttar Pradesh has the distinction of absurdity without parallel. It has arisen basically from the same reasons and factors as have recently become a feature of the British Labour Party. The comparison comes to mind because like their troubles the socio-political stands of both the British Labour Party and the Indian National Congress are also more or less identical, certainly if Uttar Pradesh can be taken as an example in India. As in the United Kingdom, in Uttar Pradesh too the organization outside the legislature is up in arms against what may for convenience be called the Parliamentary party. The defeat of the so-called Ministerialist factions at the recent organizational elections is like the defeat of Mr Hugh Gaitskell's leadership at Scarborough. But while Mr Gaitskell's reverse does not affect the conduct of the Government in the United Kingdom, Dr Sampurnanand's defeat does.

But must it? Mr Gaitskell's stand after his reverse at Scarborough could be a precedent for Dr Sampurnanand, the Uttar Pradesh Chief Minister, to follow. The defeat in the organizational election does not and should not mean a vote of no-confidence in him in the State's legislature. All accounts seem to agree that Dr Sampurnanand still enjoys the confidence of a majority of the members of the U.P. legislature. And it is the latter who represent the State and not the party organization, both constitutionally and in equity.

The crisis in Uttar Pradesh would not have arisen at all had the U.P. Chief Minister accepted the result of the organizational election as no more than a warning against pursuing policies which were obviously contrary to the thinking in the organization on whose future depends ultimately the future of the present U.P. Government itself. It was not a license or provocation for turning away from the responsibility entrusted to him and his Cabinet colleagues by the electorate of the State. To accept Dr Sampurnanand's logic would be to accept the primacy of the party over the people, which no democratic society can countenance with equanimity.

From the point of view of the Congress itself to allow the artificial crisis in U.P. to assume realistic proportions can be disastrous not only for itself but for Uttar Pradesh immediately and the country subsequently. The next general elections are due

in about a year's time. Without internal unity the Congress would find it difficult if not impossible to convince the electorate that it means business or in other words cares for its interests as distinct from aims and aspirations of individuals, groups and cliques inside the party organization. It would thus seem necessary to let the present cabinet continue with such changes as may be necessary to bring it in tune with the thinking in the organization generally. After the elections the organizational as well as the parliamentary wings will have the proper opportunity to have its say in the selection of leadership. Any other course would only mean courting disgrace at the hands of the electorate which fortunately still seems to have confidence in the basic ideals and policies of the Congress.

CHINA REVEALS ITS MIND

In a filmed interview relayed over the BBC network last week, the Chinese Premier, Mr Chou En-lai, has literally cocked a snook at this country—and at Mr Nehru. The performance would not surprise those who have never had any illusions about Peking's intentions and objectives. But two facts are particularly instructive.

First, the timing. Though recorded earlier in the Chinese capital, Mr Chou En-lai obviously counted on the fact that the BBC would put his statement on its network on the eve of the opening in Rangoon of the final round of meetings between the Indian and Chinese official delegations appointed under the Nehru-Chou joint communique of last April to examine the documents of each side in respect of the border territories China has unilaterally grabbed to create a "dispute". Secondly, the statement also happened to have been arranged to be broadcast on the eve of the international Communist meet in Moscow this week. Linked up with the fact that the Burmese Prime Minister, U Nu's visit to New Delhi on Friday this week is widely believed to be on a mission to mediate between India and China, this would appear to be highly purposive. In ordinary political parlance, the tactics tantamount to an attempt to het up the propaganda against this country with a view to neutralizing possible friends, and to making aggressor China appear as the wronged party. Shorn of frills, this is an attempt to misrepresent and blackmail this country.

The points Mr Chou En-lai made in his statement assume in this context a sinister significance. He has held up the recent Sino-Burmese border agreement and the Sino-Nepal border agreement now under-way as evidence of Peking's friendliness to China's neighbours and its peaceability and of those countries' reasonableness. In contrast, this country's Government, in the Chinese Premier's words, "not only wants to hold on to a big piece of territory, which belonged to China, but has brought up new territorial demands against China". Worse still, it were the Indian troops, so insinuates Mr Chou En-lai, who "provoked armed clashes on the border"!

The sheer effrontery of these statements is breath-taking. That they go against known and accepted facts of geography, history and even the happenings of the past two years are, however, less important. More important is the fact that in making these statements the Chinese Premier has notified the world that there is going to be no peaceful vacation of the aggression China has committed against India—an aggression which Mr Nehru had in his surprising naivete preferred to describe in his speech at the U.N. as a "controversy".

Not that this too is anything new for those who have had the realism to foresee the Chinese game ever since Chinese troops crashed into Longju, and then grabbed territories in Ladakh 50 miles deep within the traditional Indian frontier. But it should be profitable to note that the Chinese Premier has chosen to reveal his country's mind within barely a few days after Mr Nehru appeared to hug the fond hope at Raipur that the Sino-Indian border conflict was an affair this country needed to be prepared to live with, presumably unmolested, for 10 to 40 years. Realistically, the Prime Minister's statement probably was not wholly wrong. But the manner in which he presented the assessment had the effect of blunting the edge of the will to force vacation of the aggression. Mr Chou En-lai's statements are a reminder that Peking has come to count on this fact as an asset it could and is intent on cashing in on to the utmost possible. Prolonging the stalemate on the Indian

frontier is precisely what suits Peking most to the point where it becomes ready for further adventures.

Any hope wishfully entertained of a negotiated settlement of the Sino-Indian border conflict is illusory. Whatever the officials' delegations might do, and whatever mediators like U Nu might fancy, in Peking's lexicon peaceful settlement with India could only be on its own terms.

BLACK SEA AND BRIGHT PROSPECTS

That nine of China's "top" theoreticians are now in Moscow to assault the Soviet "summit" was to be expected. Since the Everest "conquest" the Chinese motto, we are told, has been: *Ad Astra Ad Infinitum*. Perhaps they are there to give Comrade K a taste of the Chinese version of the cat-o-nine-tails. But whether that means socking Mr K red squarely on the jaw has yet to be seen. The mandarins, nevertheless, are prepared for any type of ideological showdown. With full marks on Marx they are fortified with philosophy also. "Only the fool thinks the fruit that falls from a tree is a failure" their proverb tells us, and informs them, no doubt.

Journalists capitalizing on the impending Soviet "summit" predicted Mr K's downfall. These rumours emanated from Vienna, famous for the Strauss' *Exhilaration Waltz* and *Tales from the Vienna Woods*. But far from having stepped into hot water, Mr K had headed for the Black Sea, for a vacation with Mr Mikoyan. As such the Soviet Embassy in Vienna "flatly" contradicted these round rumours. They were baseless. Mr K would be there at the summit. Therefore, with Mr Mikoyan, also America-returned, and

in better health and in the best of spirits, Mr K might have even sung *The Song of the Volga Boatmen*. This is proletarian enough, and it can help to keep them shipshape, and also to remember: an oar in time saves nine. How foolish of the scribes of the press, as such, to mistake the waters of the Black Sea for the waters of Lethe.

If we must indulge in imagination let us think that after the ideological battle Mr K might even entertain the Chinese delegation with a Bolshoi production of the *Swan Lake Ballet*. And to let the cat out of the bag the Chinese will return the compliment with their own version of *Red Shoes* of Hans Anderson fame. It used to be that if a Chinese woman offered you her sandal that was a token of love. The riddling Chinese might resort to this subtlety. And it might do the trick. Often enough the sole of Communism has been to the cobbler. Even at the UN it was used for thumping the table. We know too that in Communist countries shoes are somewhat short, and thus exhibitionism may be forgiven. Thumping the shoe, an army coup and sounding the peace coo—these are things behind the iron curtain. The Chinese also pin their faith on either: if coup does not work, then coo will.

Whoever's boot is on the wrong foot the sole of Communism must march on. The question is to have the right foot forward. That is being progressive. As a cartoonist once put it neatly: the peasant is the best philosopher. Asks one comrade of another at a Red Square parade: Comrade Dimitrov, does a man grow head upwards or feet downwards?

The Chinese and the Russians will answer this question—after clearing the air at the summit.

Whitley Councils & Workers' Organization

By S. R. Mohan Das

IN the aftermath of the abortive General Strike of Central Government employees, compensation for banning the right to strike is sought in the setting up of "Whitley Councils". Very little is, however, known—and much less understood—among the Government employees as to what these Whitley Councils are, what they would represent in terms of compensation for the loss of a right in exercising which so thoughtlessly as it turned out, the industrial employees in Government undertakings also lost it altogether. Attention may, therefore, be drawn fruitfully to a recent article on the subject by Mr Richard Hayward, Vice-Chairman of the Civil Service National Whitley Council of Britain.

Tracing the history of the Whitley Council the article points out that towards the end of World War I, a committee was set up by the U.K. Government charged with the objectives:

1. To make and consider suggestions for securing a permanent improvement in the relations between employers and workmen; and
2. To recommend means for securing that industrial conditions affecting the relations between employers and workmen should be systematically reviewed by those concerned, with a view to improving conditions in the future.

This committee was set up and presided over by Mr J. H.

Whitley, MP, who later became Speaker of Parliament.

The committee strongly favoured setting up of joint machinery based on the effective organization of both sides of industry. (UNION and MANAGEMENT). Non-industrial civil services, including the clerks, the executive grades and all post office grades were refused their request for a Whitley Council. The U.K. Government had doubts about a scheme which was designed to operate in industry and not in Government service. When Whitley asked his committee to look at that specific question, they were unanimous that the general plan ought to be applicable to the Civil Services.

It was then that the U.K. Government called the Civil Service Trade Union executives to discuss the formation of such Whitley Councils in the Civil Services. The Chancellor of the Exchequer tried to suggest a ready-made constitution for such councils, but the staff did not agree and the Chancellor gracefully gave in. The Councils were set up.

In the beginning it was not easy. Gradually the Councils evolved into working organizations carrying intensive and lively negotiations within the

Whitley Councils on various questions of workers' rights and privileges.

The Council includes from the employer's side leading treasury officials with principal establishment officers from the major departments and on the staff side General Secretaries of major Civil Service Unions.

For every act of negotiation there are ten of consultation. While the National Whitley Council may and does deal with pay claims for civil service as a whole, it does not deal with the pay of individual grades. If postmen want a rise in pay, they must act through their union, which will negotiate with the Post Office. In the event of non-agreement during negotiations, recourse may be had to arbitration. The award of arbitration is binding on both.

The success of the Councils is determined only by responsibilities on both sides. The official side must have people who believe in good staff relations as a fundamental of efficient public service. The staff side must be supported by a well-organized and responsible trade union movement; without these Whitleyism will be discredited and fail.

This in brief is the British experience of Whitley Councils.

The Government of India has avidly grasped at this idea as a panacea for the explosive situation that arose at the time of the strike. The real question that arises is: Does the Government propose the setting up of Whitley Councils as an alternative to union-employer negotiating process? Or is the Whitley Council intended as a compensation for the proposed ban on strikes? Are voluntary organizations of civil service employees too to be banned? Will Unions be banned even without any outsiders?

Then there is the other question: "Will the decisions in the Whitley Councils be mandatory or merely recommendatory, giving absolute right to the Government to accept, amend or reject such decisions, as in the case of Industrial Disputes?" In industries (private) there are Works Committees, which are like the Whitley Councils, but which have no mandatory powers for their decisions, even unanimously carried decisions. Very often private employers tend to use Works Committees for doing away with the unions. Works Committees without strong unions have always failed in the absence of any sanctions.

Similarly, if Whitley Councils are intended to supplant Workers' Organizations, they will start and end up as sham. Whitley

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Councils can only be useful as "level organizations" supplementing strong unions at certain levels. There is interesting comparison between U.K. attitudes and Indian attitudes on this question. After the end of World War I, and even during World War II, there was no thought of banning strikes or union organizations, let alone entertaining such a ban during peaceful times. But in India, in peaceful times, the Whitley Councils are being proposed not as a positively thought-out need but seemingly as an expedient and evil necessity to partially compensate for a ban on strikes and control over the Rights of Association. Yet there is a sedulous salesmanship to get the Indian version of Whitley Council accepted as almost the perfect thing.

It is hoped that during the forthcoming session of Parliament, when the proposed measures banning strikes and outciders will come up for consideration, the following basic principles will be taken into account by the Treasury benches:

1. Whitley Councils are not exclusively self-sufficient organizations. They have a functional validity and can be effective and useful *only* in the context of growth of strong, responsible and democratic union organization among civil service and "essential service" personnel.
2. In the logic of the above, the Whitley Council decisions should be mandatorily acceptable.
3. The basic perspective of the Government should be that on this question they should distinguish between two identities, one as Government and the other as an employer.

Unfortunately however, the Government does not seem to be aware of this distinction. Its concern in the matter of industrial disputes in the private sector as also with their own employees, civil and industrial, is almost wholly with the theory that the State shall be the sole arbiter of what is good for the society.

Whitley Councils cannot be a substitute for good, strong, voluntary organizations like democratic unions. They cannot succeed as a bargaining instrument between a powerful officialdom, on the one hand, and a demoralized and unequally weak civil service employees, on the other. The attitude which the Government displayed on earlier occasions towards the Pay Commission reports and various other reports, do not encourage the belief that the Whitley Councils contemplated by the Government are the same as those functioning in the U.K.

Notes on Indonesia's "Guided Democracy"

By Harry Goldberg

IN a recent issue of THOUGHT Ex-Vice President Hatta of Indonesia called Sukarno a dictator. Such a judgment gains added weight by virtue of its source. Hatta, whom this writer knows well, and whom he saw on the former's trip to the U.S. earlier this year, is not given to sensational or exaggerated judgments. On the contrary, he is as moderate and sober a man as one would wish, but one of great sincerity and integrity. The eminent validity of his charge is immediately apparent if one just glances at the present political set-up in Indonesia.

Sukarno Vs Nasution

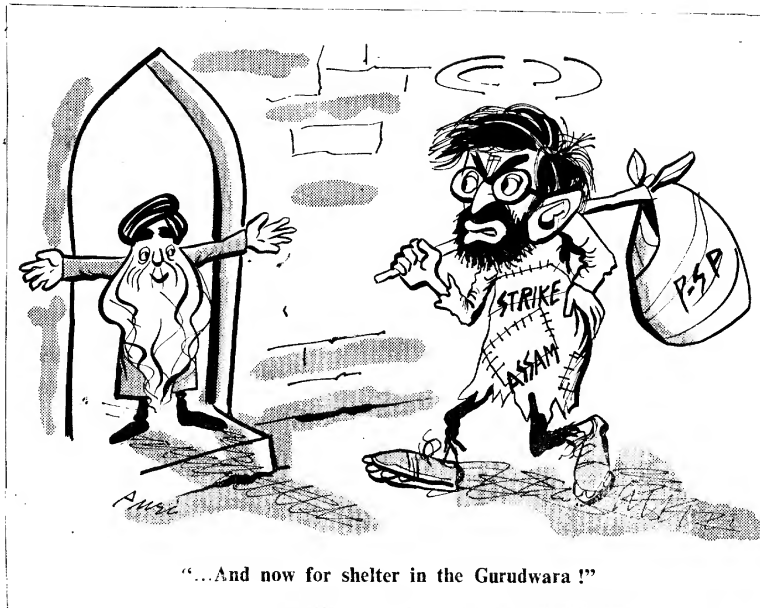
After abolishing by decree the first and only officially elected Parliament, Sukarno now controls and directs all the institutional elements in that set-up. These include his personal Cabinet, the Supreme Advisory Council, the 279-man Parliament, the 610-man Peoples Consultative Congress (all handpicked by Sukarno himself, incidentally) and finally, the latest National Front, with which Sukarno in-

tends in time to replace the political parties and provide the necessary mass base for himself. He is President, Prime Minister, Commander-in-Chief of the Armed Forces, Minister of Defence, and other things all rolled into one. The political parties he doesn't like—like the Moslem Masjumi and the Socialist Party (PSI) which had the temerity to voice political criticism—were disbanded by his order. Others like the "Up-holders of Independence Party" (IPKI) or the Christian Protestant Party (Parkindo) managed barely to survive only by signing away their independence on the dotted line. In addition, for the nonce, (until November 30) he has banned all activity of the remaining political parties. He closes down all newspapers which dare to breathe a bit of criticism. Some get restored to publication if they promise to be good; others remain permanently closed down. It is all so complete and so pat!

Sukarno's dictatorship is not, of course, completely unquestioned. Though not openly express-

ed, there is much dissatisfaction and grumbling behind the scene with the dictatorship and Sukarno's over-friendliness to the Indonesian Communists. This is especially true in the Army. Nasution, Army Chief of Staff, a firm anti-Communist, is especially unhappy about it. Between him and Sukarno there has existed for some time now an uneasy dual-power relationship, with Nasution, of course, playing the junior role. It is known that Sukarno would like to shelve Nasution. He has made some tentative moves against him in favour of Suryadarma, head of the Air Forces (who is quite "near" the Communist Party of Indonesia), whom Sukarno chose for Chief of Staff of the joint military forces. But willy-nilly he needs the Army, the other Chief focus of power, and dare not, for the nonce, dismiss Nasution for fear of repercussions from the Army, a good section of which is very restive.

Sukarno, therefore, must, perforce, do some walking on eggs. His chief tactic is to play one off against the other, the



"...And now for shelter in the Gurudwara !"

6

Army vs the Communist Party (PKI), the Air Forces vs the Army, in order to keep things unbalanced, nobody too strong and everybody in line. When local Army commanders in Borneo, Celebes, Sumatra banned the PKI, Sukarno gave the party a measure of protection. He declaimed against the phobia of being "anti-Communist". In this he was aided by Ali Sastroamidjojo, former Prime Minister, ex-Ambassador to the U.S. and current Chairman of the Nationalist Party (PNI) whose "amiability" to the PKI is traditional. On his recent visit to the UN Sukarno took along as a member of his entourage Aidit, Chairman of the Communist Party of Indonesia, an act which certainly raised the prestige of the PKI at a time when the Army was trying to downgrade it. (He also took along Nasution, Ali and the leader of the other large party, the Nahdatul Ulama, in order to have the leaders of all the contending forces with him, lest they incite trouble during his absence).

I would commend to Sukarno's attention and to all other exponents of "Guided Democracy", "Basic Democracy", "Peoples Democracy" and what have you, the eloquent words of U Nu (who may have learned something from the negative experiences of the past), to the first session of the new Parliament, right after his election as Prime Minister earlier this year.

Mr Speaker, there is no alternative to democracy. The entire human race has suffered untold misery and oppression in its fight for democracy, but the yearning for it burned as an undying flame in the human heart. No system of totalitarianism, no matter how brutal or thorough in its methods, has been able to smother this flame. We have achieved independence for our people but that independence will be meaningless if we cannot now give them democracy and create conditions for them to live the democratic way of life. A Party is essential in a parliamentary democracy if for no other reason than to fight elections on which the system operates. But if any political party on gaining mass support attempts to impose its will on everyone or to oppress its opponents and suppress all opposing views and opinions, then not only will that party cease to be democratic itself; it will destroy democracy. No matter how strong and popular a party may be for the time being, it must be scrupulously careful not to impose its will on others, and to conduct all its affairs and arrive at all its decisions through the democratic processes of discussion, consultation and compromise. And it must extend this process to cover not only its own members but also members of the opposition and of other parties, or

those who do not belong to any party. Only thus can a party serve and advance the cause of democracy.

How different is Sukarno's attitude on democracy! In his speech to the UN he said, "For us Democracy contains three essential elements. It contains first, the principle of unanimity. It contains secondly the principle of representation. Finally, democracy contains for us the principle of deliberation between representatives."

Now to make the principle of unanimity the heart of democracy as Sukarno does is, of course, a violation of democracy's essential spirit. Sukarno would be the only (presumably) democratic leader in the world who would thus define it. Points two and

led and dominated SOBSI, and the non-SOBSI wing, which is composed of many federations, most of them close to the leading non-Communist political parties. SOBSI is by far the largest, best organized, best financed (it is clear where from) and most effective. An effective challenge by the non-SOBSI organizations to SOBSI was made difficult because the political differences of the various parties—reflected back into their private labour movements—made cooperation and united action among them practically impossible.

During the last few years of developing "Guided Democracy", under the Army Emergency Rule, the various trade unions have had their freedom

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and coherence, would undoubtedly become the major force in very short order, that is, if things were left to take their natural course inside the organization.

What seems to be worrying SOBSI is the attitude of the Minister of Labour, Erningpradja, who seems to be an anti-Communist and one of those who, behind the scenes, have been worried about Sukarno's friendliness to the comrades. He may regard the OPPI when (and if) it is established, as a means of patting a collar around SOBSI's neck. He may intend to throw his weight inside it in favour of the non-SOBSI elements against SOBSI.

Whatever Erningpradja's secret purposes may be, however, the establishment of OPPI, in reducing the independence of the labour movement to zero, signals another nail in the coffin of Indonesian democracy.

The Condition of the People

The supreme test of a nation's viability and progress is the welfare of the people. Applying that yardstick to Indonesia, things couldn't be worse. Never have the common people of Indonesia suffered so much. Never have prices for essentials been so high; never have there been so little food and clothing available; never has production been so low; never have wages (low enough as it is) been able to buy so little; never have transport and distribution been so disrupted. Most alarming, but to be expected under the prevailing conditions of progressive economic and social disruption and the steady drop in the standard of living, has been the great increase in the ravages of some of the worst diseases afflicting mankind—malaria, leprosy and even hepatitis—not to mention beggary and prostitution. The Indonesians are a patient and philosophical people, but the bleak, almost hopeless outlook ahead has, not surprisingly, resulted in a sharp recent increase in mental cases. What makes all this doubly bad is that there aren't sufficient funds or medical facilities to begin to be able to cope with the great and constantly increasing health needs.

To these almost unbearable straits have these friendly and proud people of a rich and beautiful country been brought by the unreality, sheer inefficiency and political adventurism of Sukarno and his cohorts.

National Parallel

India, Eire, now your pagan joy
lies sick with the contagion spread by Paul,
that bitter Roman citizen. You call
each act that gives a delight a wicked joy.
Priest-ridden; adolescents, girl or boy
look sideways at each other, lest they fall
to carnal pleasure. Pride grows rank and tall
in old self-lovers whom young loves annoy.

Is your grim holiness the sort that lasts?
Who, in the world around us, do you find
a target worthy of your bragging fasts?
The Desert Fathers smashed the Roman mind
by counter-argy. They iconoclasts,
were still creative. You're the sterile kind.

Evelyn Wood

three in his definition are unexceptionable. One must hasten to point out, however, that they are a mockery insofar as purportedly describing the actual situation in his country, for the representatives are *his*, not the people's, having been handpicked by him, and deliberations to date have only meant their coming together to act as yes-men and not as possible critics or opponents which the system of democracy not only assumes, but demands. Actually, Sukarno has violated points two and three in order to get point one, "unanimity", which is what he is really after.

The authoritarian control is to be extended also to the labour movement. The Indonesian labour movement has been traditionally divided into two main camps, the Communist-

of action gradually, but steadily, whittled away.

Now the pendulum has swung full circle, and the orders are that all unions are to be herded into a new, government-sponsored trade union federation, "The United Workers Organization of Indonesia" (OPPI). It will be completely subordinated to Government control and completely shorn of its independence.

Under the overwhelming pressure of the Government, all unions on the non-SOBSI side seem to have yielded and officially indicated their willingness (!) to be "co-ordinated". SOBSI is still holding out, which, on the face of it, might seem peculiar, for in any organization uniting SOBSI and non-SOBSI, SOBSI, by virtue of its size

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From the States

West Bengal

THE REFUGEE PROBLEM —NEW AND OLD

By Our Correspondent

It is now officially estimated that 56,000 people came away to West Bengal from Assam as a sequel to the language riots there in July this year. This is in addition to the 35,000 who left their homes in Assam and took refuge in safer areas within the State itself, mostly in Cachar district. Though all but 5,000 of the latter have gone back to their homes and have been rehabilitated, only about 3,000 of those who came to West Bengal have returned to Assam. According to the latest count there are 30,000 refugees in camps run by the West Bengal Government mostly in north Bengal districts. This State has already spent about Rs 34 lakhs on relief of these refugees and there is as yet no indication as to when they will ultimately return to Assam. After the holidays it had been expected that the refugees would all return with the tempo that had been created in the interval. There was even a proposal to close down these camps if some of the refugees showed unreasonable reluctance to return to Assam. The flow back has now become a trickle in the surcharged atmosphere created by the revival of the language controversy in Assam and if the refugees are now not so happy about returning that is largely because of genuine apprehensions about what may again happen.

So the camps in this State have perforce to continue. Both the Centre, whose advice to Assam to postpone consideration of the Language Bill was ignored by that State Government, obviously under pressure from the people of the Brahmaputra Valley, and the West Bengal Government are not happy about these developments and last week saw more confabulations between Mr A.K. Sen, the Union Law Minister who had taken the initiative for bringing back normalcy in Assam with his goodwill tour in August, and the State Government. With no easy solution in sight the current position is that unless some kind of a miracle can be worked the refugees now in West Bengal

camps may have to continue to stay there for some considerable time. And going by the experience of the East Pak refugees, who came much earlier, it seems likely that their rehabilitation will become as long drawn-out an affair, especially if the political parties get their teeth into the problem. Party flags, slogans and professional agitators are still not evident either at Sealdah or in the camps in north Bengal but how long they will take to get there is anybody's guess. There are some who are already suggesting that if the Assam refugees continue to be afraid to return to their original homes it might be a good idea to add their numbers to those of the one lakh odd East Pakistan refugees whom it is planned to resettle in Dandakaranya. But whether the Assam refugees can be so settled in Dandakaranya under the present arrangement is uncertain. Some final decision on this score seems urgent if conditions in this problem-ridden State is not to be further complicated by this latest influx from the East.

In direct contrast to the Assam refugee problem the East Pak refugee problem now shows signs of an eventual solution. It was not long ago that acrimony within the Dandakaranya Development Authority and political pressures within West Bengal and mutual suspicions between the three States concerned (Madhya Pradesh, Orissa and West Bengal) as well as the slow pace of reclamation of the new areas in Dandakaranya had practically brought things to a standstill. At the height of the crisis the Prime Minister had intervened and the set-up was revamped. The problem has now been reduced to manageable proportions and the position now seems to be that as soon as settlement sites in Dandakaranya are readied—and this is now being executed with some vigour under the new, full-time DDA chairman who is fortunately acceptable to all the parties concerned—refugees now in camps in West Bengal, who have been languishing there for the last ten years and more, can be moved to their new and final places of resettlement. After a very long interval, another 2,000 camp inmates are expected to move to Dandakaranya by the end of next month.

For the first time concerted efforts are to be made by the three main parties concerned, the West Bengal Government, the DDA and the Union Ministry of Rehabilitation to jointly explain to the refugees the benefits and facilities of Dandakaranya and thus induce them to go there. The move is, besides, to be on a voluntary basis and the old idea of closing down the camps to force the refugees to go there has been abandoned. The DDA

chairman is confident that tackled at this level the problem can be licked once and for all. The accent, now is on getting the refugees moving to Dandakaranya to get involved in work directly connected with their rehabilitation as it was found that the old practice of employing them on road works or other projects, far from their eventual places of resettlement only acted as a brake in their efforts to psychologically adapt themselves to the new conditions in the new terrain. It is now recognized

Coolness... at a touch



TATA PRODUCTS

that if the settlers are employed soon after they arrive in Dandakaranya, on the actual work of building their own houses and turning the sod in the land they will be allotted, they will take to the new surroundings more quickly. With things growing under their hand and blossoming out into grain and wealth they have a better story to write and tell their brethren still in camps in West Bengal. And that, it is realized, is the best propaganda for Dandakaranya—and something that will be readily believed by those who are not yet decided as to whether they should go to the new place or not. This kind of approach is also expected to counteract the other propaganda spread among refugees by interested parties—that Dandakaranya is a far cry from the Bengal they know and have been used to for generations and that they would be cutting off sentimental roots forever if they moved away into an unknown land, unexplored till the other day.

A hundred crores of rupees or more would have been spent by the time the giant Dandakaranya project is completed. As yet even the surface of its vast potential has not been scratched. It has great soil and mineral wealth waiting to be dug up and used. Its enormous expanses can take the surplus populations of many other States in India, once it is reclaimed and thrown open to settlers from those places. Though an imaginative venture, the problem of executing it has not so far been tackled with the imagination necessary. Present indications are that many of the last mistakes have been realized and that a start is being made in initiating a new approach.

Andhra

TWO ANNIVERSARIES

By Our Correspondent

THE din made over the birth anniversary of the Panchayat Raj scheme on Tuesday, November 1, has all but drowned out what should have been a more significant birthday for the Andhras. I refer to the fifth anniversary of the coming into being of Vishal Andhra which also fell on the same date.

A decade and a half back, the concept of a Greater Andhra, which would bring together under one administration all sons of 'Telugu Thalli', Mother Telugu, was a high ideal almost unrealizable, to be dreamt of with fervour and sung about

fondly—and, on the practical political level, to be invoked whenever the people had to be stirred into some passion. It was one of those little ironies that ideal came to be realized in a surprisingly colourless manner, as more or less a cold administrative decision, exciting not a jot of that public enthusiasm that had attended the initial carving of Andhra out of composite Madras.

Perhaps the very way that the great ideal that had been realized is responsible for the singular lack of interest in its birthday from practically all quarters—excepting, may be, the official. And in this category the only leading functionary to talk about it is Chief Minister Sanjiviah, who made what I might describe as the 'regulation' speech over the AIR to mark the occasion.

It was, as was to be expected, a 'pep' broadcast—a review of the State's progress in glowing terms: successful implementation of Plan schemes, over-fulfilment of Plan targets in many fields, the State's forward look in all matters, and so on and so forth. His tenor was: "Our State is running on ideal lines."

One does not wish to deny Mr Sanjiviah his little satisfactions—particularly in what is, after all, mere talk: but one must protest against this last statement. In the political confusion that prevails within the ruling party, the State is running on lines that are anything but ideal. And one cannot resist the gloomy thought that through sheer refusal to learn from experience the Congress has squandered away vast public goodwill (and the consequent political strength) that it had generated when the State was created. So far as this correspondent is concerned, this is of prime significance when we remember the occasion of Vishal Andhra's fifth anniversary.

Will Mr Pallam Raju, at present Minister for Forests in the Sanjiviah Cabinet and practically PCC President-elect, be able to do something about this? Specifically, will he be able to clean up the prevailing mess in the party, end groupism and restore to it at least a part of its former influence and strength? There are many who think he might.

Unlike the outgoing President, Mr Narotham Reddy, he has the advantage of being acceptable to all groups in the party. Moreover, the PCC

Presidentship is coming to him and not of his own choosing; indeed this is almost a case of "greatness" being thrust upon a man. The very commendable firmness and candour of his approach to the position being offered to him, is to be noted.

In terms unambiguous he has declared that unity in the Pradesh Congress was an absolute must if he was to discharge his new responsibility "efficiently and effectively". First, the existing groupings within the party should be liquidated. Then he must have freedom to reconstitute the PCC executive. Also, Mr Narotham Reddy should be given the place in the Pradesh Election Committee vacated by himself (Pallam Raju). These minimal conditions precedent to his acceptance of the offer have just been communicated to the Congress President at Delhi. His reply is awaited.

Cynics are, of course, not wanting who remain unmoved by the demonstration of firmness by Mr Pallam Raju. "Beginner's zeal" is among the comments heard in this connection. Also, barring perhaps his age, Mr Raju has admittedly little, by way of experience or party standing, that promises a carry-through of his firmness. But the injection of fresh blood is worth a trial. The next general elections are after all, just round the corner. And good sense may yet prevail among Congressmen.

The Panchayat Raj experiment—inaugurated in the Shadnagar block in Telengana exactly a year back by Prime Minister Nehru—would, by all accounts, seem to have turned out well. This State has the distinction of being a pioneer in this process of democratic decentralization of administration. And if it keeps up the present rate of progress, it could well be an excellent example to the whole country in this matter.

The essence of the scheme is the charging of people's institutions at the grassroots level with the responsibility of execution of development programmes at their levels as well as with certain functions and duties hitherto discharged by the District Boards now scrapped. Government provides the necessary assistance and personnel but the deployment and control of these vest in these institutions themselves—which are elected, and function, democratically.

The Andhra Pradesh Panchayat Samitis and Zila Parishads

Act came into force in October last year and is being progressively implemented all over the State, except of course, in areas under municipal jurisdiction and in agency tracts. There are now in existence 20 Zila Parishads and 270 Panchayat Samitis—both constituted under the new Act—and slightly over 14,000 Panchayats in the State. All of these have now been endowed with far larger resources than they ever had and far-reaching duties and functions. What is significant is that practically in all the districts, popular enthusiasm and more tangibly, people's contribution, in cash or labour, has been a fair proportion of Government's own. The results—in terms of development works actually executed—remain yet to be correctly assessed. Meanwhile, some 10,000 new projects have been taken up by these institutions on the experiment's first anniversary, at an overall cost of over Rs 2.50 crores.

There is seemingly only one lacuna in the experiment: Government officials, though ostensibly there as guides and advisors, continue to play a dominant role, because of the general backwardness of the rural folk. But this is nothing to fret about. With growing experience, the latter can be trusted to know their own mind and act accordingly.

A more disturbing thought, however—at least in this correspondent's mind—concerns the possibility of the Communists taking active part in these institutions and ultimately 'capturing' them. Perish the thought, a Congressman said lightly. But with the CP as well organized as it is, the thought will not so easily perish.

Rajasthan

DIVIDED HOUSE

By A Correspondent

THE Rajasthan Congress Committee's meeting, scheduled to be held in Beawer, a town near Ajmer, has been postponed for the third time. Obviously the Congress is in a bad shape in this State. And this at a time when Rajasthan will be going to the polls on December 1 to elect 7,400 Panchayats by a secret ballot. Besides, for the first time, the State will have about 1,200 Nyaya Panchayats, each for a circle of five to seven Panchayats.

Strictly speaking, Panchayat elections are not to be fought on

(Continued on page 18)

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The Issues and the Prospects in US Election

By Chanchal Sarkar

DURING a peace-time election in an affluent society where tugs of ideology are not powerful the difference in policies and remedies offered by rival candidates is likely to be of degree only. One perceptive American commentator has summed up the situation by saying that on election eve, after the candidates have had time to rebut each other's arguments, the main difference in their views will be, not on the future programmes but on the record of the last administration.

Within limits this is a correct description, particularly about domestic issues. Once the general bias of the two parties is conceded—the Democrats' for greater governmental control and Federal activity and the Republicans' for more private enterprise and State (rather than Federal) responsibility—Mr Nixon and Mr Kennedy often seem to speak of the same things.

Take the broad field of Social Welfare, for instance, and its components like medical care for the aged, housing and education. Both candidates are pressing to extend Social Welfare though Mr Kennedy proposes a more comprehensive programme and would have the Federal Government underwrite the lion's share of its cost. Even on farm surpluses (it will seem ironical in a country like India where hunger is endemic that an important issue in the American election is what to do with the large surpluses of foodstuffs) the two parties are not far apart from each other. Both would restrict production, paying the farmer not to produce, though here again the Democratic plan is likely to be more expensive.

Civil Rights and Defence

But it isn't enough to dismiss the differences between the rival programmes by saying that it is merely a matter of degree. The degree, the spirit and the emphasis are all vital and become apparent when considering Civil Rights and Defence. Most spectacular of all have been the differences over foreign policy.

By nothing is America tested more in countries like India than by its record on Civil Rights for its Negro citizens. In the very

midst of the election campaign, for instance, when both sides are proclaiming their devotion to Civil Rights, Dr Martin Luther King can be brought, handcuffed, to a Georgia court on the charge of protesting against segregation in an eating place and can be sentenced (albeit he was released eventually on bond) to four months imprisonment on a palpable technicality involving a previous driving offence. In a number of Southern States the Negro still has very great difficulty in exercising his vote.

Between the two parties the Democrats, since Franklin Roosevelt's time, have achieved the image of being a more resolute champion of Civil Rights. Mr Kennedy has candidly detailed the disadvantages in education, health and employment which the Negro faces compared to the white citizen and has spelled out measures like Federal aid for desegregated schools, non-segregation clauses in Federal housing, resolute use of the powers under Title Three and enforcing the employment of the Negroes in work given on Government contract.

Not that Mr Nixon has said much less. But it is difficult to forget that President Eisenhower, on whose record Mr Nixon stands has never expressed his personal view on the 1954 desegregation judgment of the Supreme Court. Mr Cabot Lodge, Mr Nixon's running mate for the Vice-Presidency, pledged the Republican Party at a Harlem meeting to include a Negro in the Cabinet; Dr Ralph Bunche's name was tentatively mentioned. The next day, in the South and after conference with Mr Nixon, Mr Lodge had to withdraw, explaining that what he had said was his personal opinion, not the party's. Mr Nixon elaborated that, if elected, he would choose the best possible Cabinet, irrespective of race or creed. This sounds unexceptionable, but the incident will rankle.

The Democratic Party has, in its turn, the disadvantages of its Southern wing, which is resolutely tardy on Civil Rights. Mr Kennedy's running mate Senator Lyndon Johnson of Texas, for instance, has been equivocal about Civil Rights, speaking only in general terms. In 1952 and

1956 a fair proportion of the Negro vote went to Mr Eisenhower even though he has never expressed himself forthrightly on Civil Rights and is fond of spending some of his vacations at a country club that discriminates against both the Negroes and the Jews. Traditionally, however, the Democratic Party has always been considered the champion of American minorities like the Negroes, Jews and Catholics and the Negro (who, incidentally, is moving North in ever larger numbers) is more than likely to vote for Mr Kennedy.

Television Debates

A very intelligent British correspondent in America recently expressed scepticism about the value of the television debates. On foreign policy, he said, the questions and the anxiety of the candidates to give specific answers leads them to commit themselves to positions which would greatly hamper movement when either is in office. When linked to two of the three principal foreign affairs issues in the campaign—Cuba and the Chinese offshore islands—this is obviously a very pertinent remark. On Cuba Mr Kennedy (suggesting that the American Government should actively help anti-Castro forces) and on Quemoy and Matsu both Mr Nixon and Mr Kennedy (indicating conditions when America would move to the defence of the islands) have advocated policies which could cause great embarrassment. Nevertheless, the advantage of having major issues put before the public probably outweighs the lack of skill of the candidates in side-stepping questions.

Unfortunate though these two specific issues have proved the third—and broader—issue (American prestige in the world) has been well worth discussing. Mr Kennedy's assertion that American prestige has seriously declined and the examples he has cited—the U-2 incident, President Eisenhower's cancelled visit to Japan, the steadily diminishing majority in the UN for the American view that the Peoples' Republic of China should not be admitted and the ineptness of the Administration

in its plans to win the friendship of the newly-free African nations—have all gone home, stingingly so after the *New York Times* scooped a United States Information Agency survey of British and French opinion on American prestige immediately after the abortive Summit meeting in Paris. The published extract is part of a larger survey which the Administration has been insisting on is the secret list. Also, Mr Kennedy's emphasis on the need to understand the significance of events in Africa and Asia—especially India—will certainly strike a chord in foreign breasts; even in America its effect has been salutary.

For better or worse most American Presidents and candidates come to be associated with a slogan or punch-line. "Keep cool with Coolidge", "Speak softly and carry a big stick" (Theodore Roosevelt), "A chicken in every pot and two cars in every garage" (Hoover), and "This generation of Americans has a rendezvous with destiny"

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(Franklin Roosevelt) are some of them. Mr Kennedy's in this campaign has been "America must move again", a slogan which carries with it the picture of a prosperous but stagnant nation in danger of losing its leadership in productivity, growth and inventive genius to the USSR.

Ham-strung as he is by having to stand on the Eisenhower record Mr Nixon has been thrown on the defensive about the rate of economic growth and about the space race. But for both candidates—as indeed for the entire American electorate—the competitive strength of the Soviet Union and the ebullient personality of Mr Khrushchev are almost an obsession. A major gambit of the Nixon-Lodge ticket, for instance, has been "We know Khrushchev and how to stand up to him."

So close-run has the race for the White House been that some last-minute issue—some promise on Civil Rights, some commitment on foreign policy, some stage-whisper about the religious question, some scandal real or contrived—raised in the final days might tip the balance. Within the corners of this qualification, however, the tide seems to be turning slowly in favour of Mr Kennedy. After sitting on the fence for a long time the *New York Times*, for instance, has declared itself in favour of Mr Kennedy. Not that this will mean an instant swing in votes for him but it shows that "on the balance" the undecided bloc of votes might, in the interests of a more positive and imaginative policy, go to Mr Kennedy. Taken together with the minority vote and the support of Labour (which remains by and large Democratic) this might bring him home.

But the race is by no means over. The Electoral College consists of 537 votes and a candidate needs 269 to win. Six States—Pennsylvania (32), Ohio (25), Illinois (27), New York (45), Texas (24) and California (32)—together account for no less than 185 and in almost all these States the trend is still uncertain. Most State surveys give Mr Kennedy the edge but invariably leave the number of States undecided large enough to swing the decision either way.

The undecided vote is said to be about 15 to 20% of the electorate—large enough to make the outcome uncertain. In the fight for their allegiance

personality will of course count. Mr Kennedy's has made the more dynamic impact (though it is remarkable how people both abroad and in America obstinate-

ly refuse to forget the image of Adlai Stevenson). But Mr Nixon has his strong supporters too, and President Eisenhower, with his personal popularity and

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prestige, will do his very best in the last days to rub some of it off on to his Vice-President, the Republican candidate.

Letters to the Editor

STEEL UNDER SOCIALISM

Sir,—Mr Tikekar (vide letter published in THOUGHT dated October 31) has seen a pro-German bias in my article on Rourkela. The conclusion he has drawn is, I am afraid, absolutely unwarranted. In fact, if Mr Tikekar would only go through my articles once again without the "German phobia" which he seems to have developed, he would have no reason to resent my comments about the Germans.

In my articles I made it quite clear that "comparison of Rourkela with Bhilai in industrial terms would be meaningless". Besides, I said categorically that there were many things rotten in both Rourkela and Bhilai. What I, however, pointed out was the indisputable fact that one seldom came across in India a pleasant note about Rourkela and seldom a sour note about Bhilai.

Mr Tikekar at one place says: "Yet Atreya finds that Indians in Rourkela learning under German guidance were a happier lot than those whom he found at Bhilai. We agree to differ, that is all." (Emphasis added). I do not know where in my article he found the above comment. I did say that "an encouraging fact we noticed was the feeling of great pride in the project which prevails among the engineers and technicians of Rourkela ... in sharp contrast with the sense of frustration among similar groups in Bhilai." Mr Tikekar had to slant this with a pro-German appendage in order to labour his point. Why?

Mr Tikekar is one of those who have made no mean contribution towards the creation of the "Bhilai Halo". I have no particular preferences about the Germans, and this is quite clearly seen in the articles. My articles were an ordinary reportage of impressions recorded on the basis of interviewing hundreds of people at both Bhilai and Rourkela.

"Atreya"

PRICE-PAGE SCHEDULE

Sir.—After the amendment to Article 31 of the Constitution, the Price-Page Schedule which is to be enforced on the Press seems to be the biggest blow to democratic traditions in India. It places one more weapon in the hands of the State to control the Press which is already dependent on small mercies of the Government for such essentials like machinery, newsprint, etc.

One of the cardinal principles of a democracy is that institutions like the Press disseminating knowledge should be autonomous and not subject to governmental control. Another medium of mass communication, the radio, is already a monopoly of the Government. Unfortunately, the Press in India is coming under more and more government control. The danger of government control can be made out from the fact that recently two talks were delivered by government officers justifying government decision on the controversial issues of setting up the fourth steel plant as also the activities of the State Trading Corporation. Apart from the propriety of allowing civil servants to participate in public controversies, in fairness to democratic practices, will the Government allow the other side of the issue to be presented on the All-India Radio? On the contrary, newspapers open their "letters to the editor" column to letters condemning the editorial policy of the paper.

Bombay

"Aristides"

THE NOVEL IN INDIA

Sir,—In his article "After the Raj", published in a British weekly, Mr Khushwant Singh writes: "The novel is not part of the Indian literary tradition and it may take many years before India produces good novelists in any of its languages." I am afraid this sweeping generalization about the development of regional literatures in India is hardly justified. The assertion can be held to be valid only if a century of regular novel writing in a language can rightly be dismissed as falling outside "literary tradition".

In my mother tongue, Bengali, for example, novels

have continued to be regularly written since the middle of the nineteenth century; and they are now the most popular literary fare, the proof of which can be found by referring to any of the contemporary Bengali magazines.

During the preceding hundred years several scores of good novels were published in Bengali. Among them *Rajsirha*, *Kapat-kundala*, *Bishabriksha* (Poisonous Plant), *Krishna Kanter Will* (Will of Krishna Kanta) written by Bankim Chandra Chatterji in the nineteenth century; *Gora* (the White Man) *Chokher Bali* (recently translated into English under the title 'Binodini' following the heroine's name), *Naukadubi* (translated into English under the title *Wreck*) and *Shesher Kabita* (The Last Poem) by Rabindranath Tagore, *Charitraheen* (A man without character), *Grihadaha* (House Affame), *Shri Kanta* (in four parts), *Bipradas* and *Shesh Prashna* (The Last Question) by Sarat Chandra Chatterji; *Pather Panchali* (Saga of the Road), *Aparajita* (Unvanquished), *Anubartan* (Rotation) and *Aranyaka* (Forest-lore) by Bibhutibhusan Banerji; *Dhatri Devata* (The Foster Deity), *Ganadevata* (The Collective Deity) *Hansuli Banker Upakatha* (The Anecdote of the River Hansuli) and several others by Tarasankar Banerji can favourably stand comparison with novels in European languages.

Among the other writers Buddhadeva Bose, Manoj Basu, Pramatha Nath Bishi, Bimal Mitra, Narendranath Mitra, Narayan Ganguli and Bibhutibhusan Mukherji deserve particular mention.

It is true that the content, if not so much the technique, of the Bengali novels differs from that of the European novels. But then it is bound to vary, depending upon the social and emotional context of the different peoples. That should, however, be no excuse for dismissing their value as novels.

New Delhi: Subhash Chandra Sarkar

THOUGHT November 12 1960

A Short Story

11

The Flame Eternal—I

By "Mowni"

I usually go and see him every morning. He is my boyhood friend and our friendship is of the well tried variety. But that morning I had not gone to see him. Even early in the day it had been very hot. And because I was weary with a weariness that was incomprehensible even to myself, I did not stir out of my house at all that day. I had thought that I would look him up in the evening.

This happened day before yesterday. I reached his house at about half-past four in the afternoon. I found him reclining in his easychair in the front room. I thought he was lost in serious contemplation of something and I did not want to enter his room unannounced. But I was wrong. He had noticed my coming and he bade me enter. I did. There was only one chair in the room, the one in which he was reclining.

"Have you had your coffee?" I asked him as I entered. I noticed that the window which opened on to the street was open.

He vacated his chair, pushed aside the books lying on the table, sat on the edge of the table and answered my question. "No", he said.

"Why?"

"Nothing in particular", he said, and laughed. "I have been sitting here all day, lost in thought".

I knew that my friend had lost the capacity to laugh. He had lost it long back, very early in his life. I had never in recent years heard him laugh at all. His laughter even now was lifeless, I noticed; there was no reality behind it; it was the shadow of a laugh, not the real substance. He did not look at me at all when speaking. His gaze was fixed on something outside of the open window. His paying me such scant attention irritated me. But before I could proceed to analyse my feelings he bade me sit down in the chair that he had vacated.

"Look out of the window. Tell me what you see", he said.

I seated myself in the easy-chair and looked out of the

window as I had seen him look. A tree, an almost leafless tree, was all that I could see. Alone, with head bowed as if in great sorrow, the tree stood up voicing an endless prayer to high heaven. Even the birds that were on wing round its limbs looked dead, I thought, and they chirped, if at all, in mournful cadences; they catapulted themselves on from the limbs of the tree into the blue sky as if they were trying to escape from death. But I shall have to confess that I did not allow my mind to dwell on the tree too long. I reminded myself that my friend had perhaps been indulging himself in sickly fancies.

"What is it you see? Tell me".

My friend's voice shook me out of my reverie.

"That tree", I said.

"Oh, yes. That tree. That tree is the problem that has been tormenting all day. Yes, it is that tree", he said.

My friend gazed at the tree intently for a minute. And then he began to talk as if he had no time to lose, as if he was in a great hurry.

"Yes. That tree, you see, is trying to grasp with its many fingers a thing that is not there. It stands up with its hands held aloft trying to grope and catch in its not-too-sensitive fingers what is not there in the sky. Its eyes are closed, its hands are stretched out seeking, seeking endlessly, tirelessly seeking. But the secret is that there is nothing to seek, absolutely nothing to grasp. That is the tragedy of that tree. You observe that it does not stand quite motionless. It sways in the wind; the west wind blows gently, gently rocking it. Messengers of love, dark clouds rest on its top heavily and long.... Is the tree trying to usurp the function of the fan, or perhaps of the broomstick? Does it try to sweep the sky-highway clean of the clouds? Or does it pray for rain—the lifegiving rain which will make it burst once again into tender leaves? And what for should the tree burst into tender leaves? Why? What for?"

I did not like his words. Nor did I like the way he mouthed them. I thought that he was

trying to induce in himself a black mood.

"You are becoming a poet. Look out! And why all this feverishness?" I asked him.

"I will tell you. I don't want to tell you. I sent my mind back, back, back into yesterday, into the day before that and into the days back of that... back to nine years. I brought back to my mind an incident which happened some nine years ago, I find that I have lost my peace of mind today. I find that I am unable to express myself completely in words—I find that my state of mind is incommunicable even to you who know me so well".

He stopped speaking. His eyes shone with feverish brill-

iance, as if they were striving in vain to see something not to be seen at all. It was obvious to me that he was speaking not to me or for me but for himself, to himself.

"Yes. It happened nine years ago. I was a student in the college then and I was eighteen perhaps, or nineteen. Like the *pallavi* (refrain) of the master-singer's song the incident haunts me again after all this lapse of time. You will remember how what I looked like then....

"You remember. My long nose curved at the end as if it desired to wind round anybody who preceded me and bring him a captive to my feet. I had thin lips, soft and long, half revealing dazzling white teeth. I had removed my head tuft just then and cropped it in the fashion of the day. There were many I remember who did not think that it was a change for the better, my tuft had been long, dark and glossy; my new crop of hair had not time to settle down into a

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35 FAIZ BAZAR

DELHI-7

pattern and I used to finger my unruly hair often. My eyes were bright, tiger bright. I was quite aware of my good looks and vain of them too. My eyes have lost their brightness and their brilliance, now, I find that I can gaze at nothing long. Whatever I turn to I see nothing. I know full well that my beauty is of the past; with my youth, my beauty too has departed; and I am forced to live on. How I wish that I had departed this world along with my youth! Many might have seen me at that time. She, she too has seen me."

"And who is she?" I asked, wondering.

"Yes. She too has seen me. But listen. And do not interrupt. How many years is it now since I went into a temple to stand in the presence of the image of God? After that day I have not entered a temple at all not till yesterday.

"But before that day I had gone to the temple many days. For years. You should know—you who have accompanied me to the temple on many occasions. That night too you were with me, I remember.

"It was not crowded in the temple, for it was not a festival day. She too had come to the temple to worship, and we were stepping out of the outer gate of the temple, when she entered. I saw her on the threshold of the temple, the *gopuram*, just as she was entering. She met my gaze and held my eyes for quite a long second. My figure, my looks might have made her look at me. But what made me, along with you, turn back into the temple, back again into the dark and dim presence of God? Do not say that it was love or anything of that sort. Plainly it was not. Call it cupidity, naughtiness or just a silly whim on my part.

"I followed her. I followed her very close. I could have stretched out my hands and touched her—I followed so close. I muttered something, perhaps to myself, perhaps to her. But I did not want to talk to her; I had nothing to tell her.

"She stood silent in the presence of God, humble and in silent prayer, head bowed down low, palms together. I could see through her joined palms as through a telescope, the hanging lamps of the inner sanctum. I had a feeling that the lamps were far far away from me. I noticed

that her liquid eyes were fixed on the void behind the image of the God, in the luminous darkness that is behind the temple lamps, in the nothingness that harbours all things and men and creatures and that lies just beyond the image of God, in the shapelessness that takes all shapes before the thinking eye, in the formlessness that is the form of all life, in the endless beginning and in the beginningless end of all.

"Her face lit with a glow that was immortal though only of the present moment. How long did we stand like that? You will have to believe me when I tell you that I do not know. In that presence I had found the limits and the limitlessness of

heard. And she smiled, as if she understood.

"But it was not she alone who heard me. I was wrong. The God in whose presence we were standing, He, He heard me say those words. The *Yali*, a master-sculptor's masterdragon carved on the pillar opposite us, the *Yali* heard me say those words. I looked up in alarm at the *linga*, image of God: the *linga* adorned with sandalpaste and sacred ashes looked back at me in anger. It seemed to me that the *Yali* raised itself in a terrible rage on its hind legs and threatened to fall upon me and devour me. Sickly fancies, you may say. Fancies or not, they were real, frighteningly real.

My Last Poem

This is my last poem, a death-bell each rhyme.
All the days are locked, the key thrown away.
When I reach the last line is the end of time,
the end of life and death, of night and day.

These last words as condemned steps to gallows lead.
The sun—a golden noose in hangman's hand.
Beyond me, glowing, furrow-cloven, I leave
in lone metaphors my women stranded,

sensuous, longing for my manful touch in vain.
Women I know from a hundred years hence,
yearning for me as parched soil for plough and rain,
wave hands of tomorrow to my last glance.

The end ends at the beginning, before birth,
before ghost and ghou, before heaven and earth.

Menke Katz

time. She was of time's essence and the essence of timelessness; I fancied she was the image of no-time.

"When she turned her eyes away from beyond God and her mind away from prayer, she turned and looked straight into my eyes. Was it an accident? I refuse to believe it. It was no accident. I was in a trance, an ecstasy that I had never before experienced. I said: 'Believe me, I can do anything for you; for you I feel that I am capable of anything'. You were standing a few feet behind me; you did not hear me. She heard. Those who had come with her were also standing a little way off. None of them heard me. But she for whom the words were meant, she

"I wrenched my gaze from the *linga* and the *Yali* back to her. But she was looking away from me. Her back was now turned to me. I noticed her dark tresses tightly twisted into a dangling pigtail; it swayed slightly in keeping with her gait as she walked out of the inner temple, out of the presence of God, following the persons who had come with her.

"I followed her. The earth, the air, the whole world and the world beyond were silent to listen to the music that her ankles made. The air was full of noise but her ankles spoke to me in a perfect silence—they spoke to me alone, I fancied. The bats screeched and winged their fluttering way overhead."

As my friend was talking I found that my mind was busy conjuring up images and creating the atmosphere. Pictures of the temple were thrown vividly on the screen of my mind. The inner sanctum, the *lingam* decked with sandal paste and *vibhuthi* (sacred ashes), the terrible looking *Yali* with dragon forelegs raised, bats winging their blind ways overhead, men and women, lost in prayer with heads bowed and hands clasped—all were present to me. But I was not able to recollect the incident about which my friend was talking. The atmosphere was familiar of course, as in a dream. The temple bats—they are at home in the darkness that is light and in the light that is darkness. In the twilight of dayless night, the image of *Shiva* in the shape of the *lingam*, and the forms of the various lesser deities assume living visages and can terrify a man out of his sanity, out of commonsense everyday point of view. With endless and meaningless words and deep and not-to-be-understood silence, within himself and yet in some measure outside of himself, man has learnt to build for himself, a far off paradise, a not-too-near abode of happiness which assumes allegoric shape as a temple. There are innumerable clusters of lamps hanging from the ceilings and from brackets on the walls. But the lamps throw only a feeble light; they light up very little; they leave more things in darkness than they illuminate; their mere purpose to deepen the darkness. The deities and their shadows, their passionate impersonality in the presence of God are indistinguishable in that twilight. Everything cheats the eye. That presence—what does it want to tell you? Are we just shadows fumbling at an indifferent source of light? If we are shadows, what we are shadows of?

The drone of my friend's words accompanied my musings.

I looked at my friend, trying to shake myself out of thoughts that were unfortunately so like his. I looked at my friend. His eyes probed to the depths. He looked as if he was looking at something from on high. He was trying to make me realize a great truth—a truth that was really beyond words. He was trying to supply with his eyes and arm and fingers what was impossible for his tongue to supply.

(To be concluded)

—Translated from Tamil by "Andal"

THOUGHT November 12 1960

The World of Books

13

Black Orpheus

By A Special Correspondent

"BLACK Orpheus" is the child of Ulli Beier and the Western Regional Literature Agency in Nigeria, but it was born at the first World Congress of Black Artists and Writers which took place in Paris in 1956. There Ulli Beier and Jahnheinz Jahn, his co-editor, first talked over the project of 'a journal of African and Afro-American literature', (as it announces on its title-page). Ulli Beier was already assisting Dr Biobaku to edit "Odu", a journal of Yoruba studies for the Western Regional Literature Agency and when he proposed his project for a magazine it was enthusiastically received. "Black Orpheus" No. 1 appeared in September 1959. It has since then run to seven numbers with a world-wide circulation, and it takes its name from an anthology of African and Afro-American poetry compiled by Jahnheinz Jahn and published in Germany, *Schwarzer Orpheus*.

The Bridge of Letters

Until recently French and English-educated Africans have depended for their knowledge of creative writing entirely on European literatures. They have had to study the works of European writers in their schools and universities; and they have therefore grown up studying the literatures of alien cultural situations and learning to despise their own past. "Black Orpheus" seeks to remedy this state of affairs in two ways. First, it brings together and makes easily accessible short stories and poems by African, American Negro, West Indian, Cuban and other writers who can trace their ancestry back at some time or other to the African Continent; and it provides a platform for criticism of their novels and other writings. Secondly, it tries to assist in the re-evaluation of the African tradition of the sculpture, the vernacular poems, legends and stories, of the music, and of the religion of indigenous African society.

Any consideration of the work of African and Afro-American writers brought together in one place inevitably poses the question whether their writings have any common and

distinctive features apart from their common revolt against prejudice and oppression. African societies differ from one another so radically and show such a great variety of ways of life and forms of expression of those ways of life that attempts to describe their common features end by being so excessively general as to be meaningless. The history of Africa is one in which political power has shifted between hundreds of small centres, each bringing about a new change of language or of social organization and art every few hundred years; and there is consequently a bewildering complexity of social values and institutions.

Transition and Synthesis

And then if we consider the haphazard scattering which took place when people from this constantly shifting and changing social scene were taken as slaves to the Americas and the systematic obliteration of their social values which took place when they got there, it would be surprising if any cultural unity could be discovered there; and even more surprising if it turned out to have essential similarities with cultures back in Africa. There are, on the other hand, obvious examples of the preservation of African religion and social organizations in Brazil, Dutch and British Guiana and Cuba, and of syncretism, of a fusion of African religion and Catholic Christianity.

In these examples the religion and ways of life of the three kingdoms of the Kwa language group, Yoruba, Fon, and Ashanti of the Guinea coast have shown a remarkable persistence where traces of other societies have disappeared. In "Black Orpheus" No. 3, Jahnheinz Jahn contributed an article on Poetry in Rumba rhythms. He writes:

Although the Africans in Cuba came perforce from the most diverse parts of Africa, it is the culture of the Yoruba that has finally survived and whose rites and 'orisha' have eventually merged with Catholicism and its Saints. Chango (Yoruba: Shango) the God of Lightning, War, and of Drums has been merged with St Barbara, Obatala (Yoruba: Obatala), a bisexual god, was merged with the Virgin de las Mercedes. Ogun, the Yoruba God of War is identified with St

Peter. To Babalu or Babalu Aye, (the Yoruba Shapana), mules and dogs are sacred. He protects his worshippers from diseases and is identified with St Lazarus. Even Chango does not perform as many miracles as he. But religious and profane life are closely interwoven. The religious feasts, whose dances aim at the state when the God 'moves the head' of the dancer, may merge into popular amusements and vice versa.

Jahnheinz Jahn goes on to show how the Spanish language could assimilate African speech rhythms in Cuban poetry, but that in Haiti the sacred Vodun songs used in a religion imported from Dahomey are sung in Creole because their rhythms cannot be transposed into French. In the same number some translations of Afro-Cuban poetry are included. Marcelino Arozarena, a Cuban poet who wrote this verse in "We Rehearse the Snake Dance" is also a member of the "Black Orpheus" Committee:

Encarnasion!

Get out the box make it rattle and shake,

Get out this murumba which slaps at your feet,

Get it out,
Get it out,
Show us the dance of the snake!
Sharpen your beak:

"Alaala-a-la
allaala-a-iaa."

Sing without a break!
"Alaala-a-la
allaala-a-iaa."

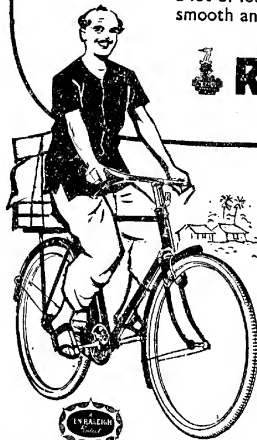
Get out your head
here is the snake
the snake Maya
alaala-a-iaa
We dance, we dance the
dance of Maya.

The religion of the three West African kingdoms Yoruba, Dahomey and Ashanti, emphasizes the expression of the human personality in poetry, dancing and sculpture. Ulli Beier himself has made a sympathetic appraisal of this aspect of Yoruba religion in an article he contributed to "Black Orpheus" No. 4, "Shango Shrine". He describes the personality of Shango and the way in which different carvers exhibit different aspects of that personality in their work. One expresses the humanity of the orisha: "The contrast between the large, soft, round bodies and the undersized almost crippled limbs gives the figures an appearance of tenderness and gentleness,

the
village
shopkeeper
says:

"As a businessman, I try to get the most out of every rupee I spend. So when it came to buying a bicycle, I naturally bought a Raleigh, because, it is sturdy, can bear a lot of load and runs so smooth and light!"

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almost helplessness." The second expresses his power with faces which "express the concentration, energy and power, reminiscent of a priest possessed by Shango." A third expresses Shango's spirituality, "an almost Gothic feeling of transcendentalism" and a fourth the magical aspect of Shango worship.

But if we can say that Yoruba or Dahomean religion contains a system of beliefs which allow the individual personality to find the fullest expression and has therefore proved to be a very strong growth when transplanted, it would not be true to say that many of the African evolve "writers" whose work is published in "Black Orpheus" are so aware of the metaphysical or psychological subtleties of African religions. Their demands for 'negritude' or the expression of the African personality, their longings to revive what is African in them and to return in spirit to the land from which they were torn either by

enslavement or by re-education, are the vague expression of their revolt.

They resurrect their African past because they want to set up a rival and more acceptable set of values against the values of the European intellectual into which they have been forcibly transformed.

Georg Dickenberger describes this feature in the work of Paul Vesey in "Black Orpheus" No. 4.

It is a new consciousness that has found expression in Vesey's language. A consciousness whose imagery is both African and occidental but whose mixed heritage confronts us as a unit. From this new world, this third way of life we have so far only the term 'negritude', with which the Martinique poet Aime Cesaire defined this poetic magic that springs from a defiant consciousness. For Paul Vesey the mercantile values of American civilization have no more validity. He confronts them with a glowing spirit that addresses itself to the human as such. This new consciousness that creates a new culture out of the clash of two old ones, provides the basis for a universal poetry that will be equally accessible to both the African and the Western World.

Other examples are: Lenon Damas, born in French Guiana and living in Paris. The following are lines from his "Dead-Born Love", ("Black Orpheus" No. 6):

Haven't you seen the woman who looks for Aonagbe
Who makes Aonagbe run away as soon as she comes?
A torn loin cloth which cannot cover the body
Does not even resemble a loin cloth
I, Aonagbe say:
I'm fed up having you always at my heels
Shrew-mouse
I don't like your smell
And I avoid it.

Wole Soyinka, Nigerian dramatist and poet; these lines are from the "Immigrant". ("Black Orpheus" No. 5).

Knowing
(Though he will deny it)
That this equation must be sought
Not in any woman's arms
Not in the cream-laid
De-Odo-to-noed limbs
Of the native girl herself,
He scans the gaudy bulbs
(For the fiftieth time)
Of dancing Hammersmith Palace.
Then desperately
(Although his swagger belies it)
He tries his manhood
Or the triteness of—
'May I...?'
And waits upon the languor of
Her bored appraisal.

But Dennis Osadebay, also from Nigeria, sees his past as something from which to free himself:

Don't preserve my customs
As some fine curios
To suit some white
historian taste.

Leopold Senghor from Senegal expresses the opposite point of view in "Prayer to Masks", ("Black Orpheus" No. 1.) He prays to the masks:

Now turn your immobile eyes
towards your children who have
been called

And who sacrifice their lives like
the poor man his last garment,
So that hereafter we may cry 'here'
at the rebirth of the world being
the heaven that the white flour
needs

For who else would teach rhythm
to the world that has died of
machines and cannons

For who else would ejaculate the
cry of joy, that arouses the dead
and the wise in a new dawn.

And so the debate goes on throughout the pages of "Black Orpheus". What use shall be made of the African's, past in his literature? How shall it come alive again, free from the disrespectful obscurity into which European educators have condemned it by ignoring it?

—Forum Service

Reviews

CHINESE THOUGHT REFORM

Thought Reform of the Chinese Intellectuals. By Theodore H.E. Chen. Hong Kong University Press. Price: HK \$25.00.

IN Communist China a grim struggle is on to achieve total revolution. The two determined participants are the individual and the State, which is no other than the Communist Party. The Communists have used diverse weapons, from persuasion and propaganda to pressure and persecution to make the individual surrender all his self-respect and dignity. No regime in history has waged such systematic and ruthless campaigns against human dignity and individuality as Mao's China.

Communist methods have paid rich dividends. In China the State power has been consolidated and the so-called Socialist transformation of agriculture and industry has been achieved, even though at the cost of efficiency and much human suffering. But in its efforts to control and direct the people's thought the regime has met with an unsuspected hard core of resistance. In the past eight years or so the intellectuals in China have been subjected to diverse pressures. They have been made the centre of raging and relentless campaigns inspired and directed by

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the Party cadres. The intellectuals have been forced to wage "thought struggles" and to submit themselves to ideological remoulding at the hands of arrogant and ill-informed activists of the Party.

The Communist version of thought reform calls for recurrent self-examination, criticism, self-criticism, confessions, yet more humiliating confessions and fresh pledges under group pressure. The objective of the reform is to "brainwash" the intellectuals so thoroughly and to condition their minds so completely that a state of mental numbness or even mental vacuum can be created. Into this vacuum it will be easy to thrust the ideology of the hour or the current dictates of the regime. In a Communist State like China conformity, even for the suppliant intellectual, is not easy. The line of orthodoxy is so narrow and shifting that what is official today may tomorrow become deviation to the left or to the right, or worse still, evidence of counter-revolution.

Dr Theodore Chen's thesis is that thought reform is basic not only to the Chinese Communist campaigns in the social and cultural spheres but also to the economic and political programmes. The land reform, for instance, was considered an important means by which the intellectuals, as well as the entire rural population, learned the significance of the class struggle. The agricultural transformation was also a process of ideological education for the "backward" intellectuals. The "backwardness" flowed from the bourgeoisie origins and background or foreign education of the intellectuals. In the political sphere the suppression of counter-revolutionaries meant, in part, the liquidation of persons ideologically opposed to the regime. The "three anti" and the "five anti" were campaigns directed against "bourgeois ideology" and the bourgeoisie as a class. "Socialist education" and cultivation of a "socialist ideology," according to the Chinese Communists, is a pre-requisite for the Socialist transformation of agriculture and industry.

Dr Chen sees two distinct phases in the thought reform movement. The first phase began in 1951 with the introduction of "study," group discussion, criticism and self-criticism. When these mild methods did not yield the desired results the regime applied more severe methods in a

COURT NOTICE

In the Court of
SHRI CHARAN SINGH TIWANA,
P.C.S. Senior Sub Judge,
Amritsar.

HINDU MARRIAGE ACT CASE

Sht. Darshan Kaur wife of
Manmohan Singh resident
of House No. 5, Gali
Ramghar Manglian, Katra
Karam Singh, Amritsar
...Petitioner.

Versus

Shri Manmohan Singh
...Respondent.

To

Shri Manmohan Singh son of
Milap Singh, Taxi Driver,
Koliwada, Camp Bombay 22.

Subject:—Petition for the annulment
of a Marriage u/s 12 of
the H.M. Act of 1955.

WHEREAS the petitioner has presented a petition against you for annulment of marriage, under section 12 of the Hindu Marriage Act, 1955, you are hereby informed to appear in this court on 25-11-1960 to answer the said petition in person or through an authorized agent or pleader and you are also directed to produce documents upon which you intend relying, in support of your defence, and you may also file an answer to the petition on the said date.

You are further informed that in default of your absence the petition will be heard ex-parte.

Given under my hand and the seal of the court this 31st day of October, 1960.

Sd/-
Senior Sub Judge,
Amritsar.

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concentrated effort to remould the intellectuals in the various professional groups. Group pressure, always manipulated behind the scenes, became more coercive; public confessions were demanded and given wide publicity. The pledges, which in the beginning only the "progressives" and "opportunists" elements were called upon to give, were now expected of all intellectuals. The land reform, the "Resist-America, Aid-Korea" campaign and the attack on Chinese Christians constituted the background of pressure for the thought reform. To reduce the abstract to the concrete in the "thought struggle" the regime chose ideologically reprehensible persons as types to serve as targets of criticism and attack. "Li Ssu-hsi mentality" or the "Chin Shan-hai" mentality became the personalized targets of the big guns of the ideological war. The "three anti" and "five anti" campaigns of 1951 and 1952 synchronized with confessions by numerous leading intellectuals.

Here Dr Chen makes a distinction between thought reform of the intellectuals and the brainwashing of prisoners. While confessions of prisoners and political offenders are exacted by physical or mental torture no such methods are employed in the thought reform of the intellectuals. The author believes that the confessions, humiliating and childish as they may sound to the free world, neither broke the spirit nor warped the minds of the intellectuals. On the other hand, he says, the intellectuals retained their mental alertness and their sense of moral values through and beyond the offensives mounted against them.

The events of 1956-57, the period of the second phase of the thought reform, clearly proved that the Communists had not achieved mastery over the Chinese mind. Dr Chen explains that the policy of "contending schools" launched by a speech by Mao Tse-tung in 1956, was conceived as part of the thought reform programme and did not in any way indicate a departure from it. He quotes from the exponents of the new policy of relative freedom in thought and expression to stress that what was intended was not a relaxation of the ideological struggle. The Communists were merely proposing a new method of combating the remnants of inner resistance among the intelligentsia. The new policy of allowing a hundred flowers to

blossom and a hundred schools to contend was born out of frustrations over the failure of old methods. Dr Chen suggests that it would be a mistake to regard the policy as a trap to get at lurking intellectual opposition. Those who expounded the new "freedom" on behalf of the regime took great pains to explain the limitations. Whatever the nature of contention it was to be within the Marxist-Leninist framework. The ideology of the regime and Socialist transformation were above and beyond the scope of contention.

The heroism of the intellectuals in challenging the very ideological basis of the regime after such authoritative warnings is something from which the free world should take comfort. At the height of the intellectuals' counter-attack in the "unusual spring" of 1957 slogans like "Kill the Communists," "Class distinctions unnecessary" and "Worse than the Kuomintang" were raised by a small stubborn minority. Mao Tse-tung admitted that small numbers of students and workers went on strike. Student riots took a serious turn in June 1957 in the city of Hanyang. Rioters in Kwangtung attacked a government food station, a tax office and other buildings. The May and June of 1957, in fact, saw a Hungarian affair in China. Though the fight was suppressed as in Hungary, it left an indelible mark on the millions of the people. As leaders of rebellions against unpopular regimes the Chinese intellectuals maintained their long tradition. More important still, the intellectuals demonstrated to the regime that there were sectors of mind and heart which could resist the most aggressive and insistent ideological assaults.

In the virulence and force of the intellectuals' reaction in the summer of 1957 the author sees the hope for the future. The treatise on thought reform ends with these prophetic words. "In the end, however distant that may be, the Communists may find themselves engulfed by the powerful forces they release but cannot control. If this should prove to be true, we might well say that Communism contains within itself the seeds of its own destruction."

E.A.

A TRAVELOGUE

A Tourist In Africa. By Evelyn Waugh. Chapman and Hall, 1960. Pp 167. Price : 16s.

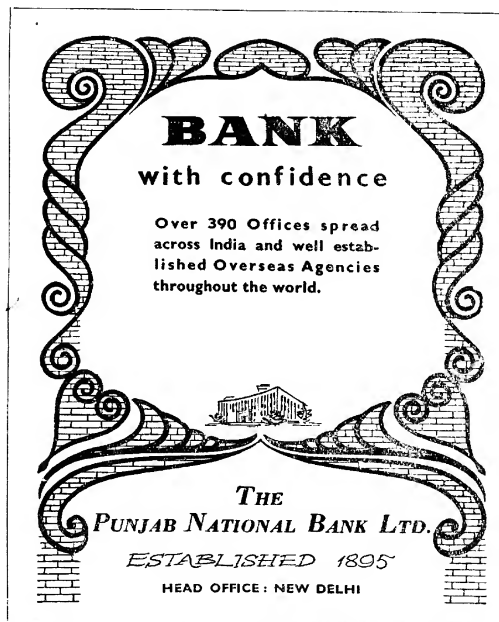
THIS is in some ways a tired book by a tired author. He is 55 and has to spend the English winter abroad. It is difficult to find a suitable place for a purposeless visit. "Tourism and politics have laid waste everywhere...too old for the jungle, too young for the beaches..." (Why is one too young for the beaches at 55?) Jamaica is dismissed because it is fatiguing to mingle with the holiday-makers there, "all older, fatter, richer, idler and more ugly than oneself." India is ruled out because "wine is prohibited". Couldn't some travel agent or better-informed friend have told him that it is not prohibited for tourists?

The first chapter is appropriately and obviously entitled "Departure". A farewell dinner party gets four sentences, one of which is a quotation from Swift. Paris gets a page or two. There is an old friend, Mrs Stitch, in Genoa, but she remains a shadowy figure. He meets a Sikh engineer of 30 who is to stop at Rome on his way to India, and puts him into the book. "He knows nothing what-

ever about it except that it is the capital of Italy. He has never heard of the Caesars, of the Popes, of Michelangelo or even of Mussolini." When he boards his ship he describes it as "clean, seaworthy, punctual..." He contrasts the safety of sea travel with the dangers of air travel. The page title dutifully echoes the theme: "Air-Travel", it says. He reads two books a day from the ship's library. Port Said and Aden deserve a few pages, then Mombasa, "which has grown enormously since I last saw it..."; and Zanzibar, where "an hour's stroll ashore sufficed to revive old memories..."

So it goes through Dar-es-Salaam, Begamoyo, Kilwa island, Morogoro, Kongwa, Dodomo, Kondo. He makes an excursion to see the Masai, "the most easily recognizable people in Africa." One group had elected a Sikh as head-man. "I had always thought Sikhs a remarkably handsome people until I saw him beside the Masai." That brings us past mid-way through the book.

I did not stop reading it at that point, so obviously it had had enough to interest me. There is a continuous vein of history and observation which keeps the reader going. The author is too



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seasoned a professional to write a dull book. The blurb describes it as a "very pleasant bed-side book." Perhaps it is not as easy to write one as the reviewer imagines, so that he cavils at the more trivial aspects of such a chronicle, then has to admit that he was entertained and even instructed by it after all. Not everybody has heard of the Campo Santo "which for the amateur of cemeteries is one of the Wonders of the modern world." (This is in Genoa, before his travels in Africa begin). There is an account of a book entitled *Stars and Stripes: a history of American achievements in Africa*. The history of Fort Jesus in Mombasa is "in microcosm", as the author says, "the history of the East African coast...." The two chapters on Tanganyika, now that one looks back at them, have two fascinating notes on Stanley's last expedition in Africa and the Groundnut debacle. If there is nothing very much on the Rhodesias, one unforgettable passage reminds one of many amusing things sprinkled all over the pages of *A Tourist in Africa*. The author had to fill in a form at Ndola in which he had to inform the authorities of the names, ages, sexes, dates and places of birth of children not accompanying him, and also the "sex of wife".

A number of excellent illustrations have been provided by the publishers. These are on the credit side of the book, the balance-sheet of which has an over-all thinness like that of a company not in the red but essentially restrictive in its enterprise.

Nissim Ezekiel

A PEEP INTO RURAL INDIA

Farmers of India, Vol. I. By M.S. Randhawa & Prem Nath. Indian Council of Agricultural Research. Price: Rs 14.

"A N area of thirteen million square miles, three thousand miles of sea soils coast, ranging from marshy clays to rocks, altitudes varying from sea-level to 29,000 ft, snow wastes intermingling with forests, pastures, cultivated lands and deserts, six-hundred thousand villages, four hundred million people, an endless variety of life between the snow-bound mountains and the dark tropical forests..."—that is India. But most important of all these details is its six-hundred thousand villages comprising nearly 82 per cent of the total population.

What do we know about this 82 per cent of the population, a population directly engaged in farming excepting a literally negligible fraction, which too in its turn is directly or indirectly connected with agriculture?

A few attempts have been made mostly by the foreigners or the ruling administrators in the British regime to describe India. Result: we know India of temples with breath-taking relief work, sculpture and architecture, India with her jungles, cobras, tigers, elephants; India of superstitions, oddities, eccentricities; India of snow-aboding rishis, fire-eating sadhus, madaris and blood-thirsty beggars. But is that only India? Does it represent the four hundred millions of her people?

How much we know about the Indian peasant,—nearly 70 per cent of the total population. It is a community living in a world of its own, a world varying from village to village an unparalleled heterogeneity? These peasants who have always a life that has the stamp and smell of the earth they work and live on, a pattern that is nothing but India, that has survived centuries of alien influences?

Feeble accounts are found in archives describing the peasant directly or indirectly as a source of revenue. Even the accounts in the Gazetteers are more or less an effort to understand the people to be ruled rather than a genuine interest in their lives and problems.

In view of all this one appreciates the initiative and effort of M.S. Randhawa to plan a series of five volumes on "Farmers of India" covering the whole sub-continent. Though even five volumes may not be able to present adequately the heterogeneity of the Indian farmers' life and their problems yet it would be the first concerted and planned effort at knowing the real India with her social, cultural and economic problems. Nevertheless one cannot help appreciate the great national service as embodied in this series. The initiative could come only from off with deep roots in the soil and it is happy to note that M.S. Randhawa, the self-appointed curator of the rural art and culture, has come to the fore.

The first volume contains a readable account of the peasantry from the States of Punjab, Himachal Pradesh, and Jammu and Kashmir. With over a

hundred photographs and maps assisting the visual conception of the people and places, the book gives a well-planned account of the geography, agriculture, crops and practices; villages, their daily life, social and cultural set-up, economics, art and architecture, literature and folklore, village organizations and also their development under the present government's Community development programmes.

The book though well-produced, does smell at places of the old dust of the Gazetteers or

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of an excessive zeal in describing the present developmental work in the villages.

Describing the dresses and diets, the authors have not made adequate distinction between the past and the present. For instance the account of the breakfast and lunch of the villagers of the Central Plains of Punjab may not be wholly true today.

The present series on the Farmers of India should find a significant place in the literature on rural India.

Raj Gill

Books to Come

What Price Choice

(A short notice in this column does not preclude fuller review in THOUGHT subsequently.—Ed.)

A touching scene appears in Mira Behn's *The Spirit's Pilgrimage*, Longmans (318 pp., 35s). She is driven past the gates of her childhood home in London with the Mahatma, who was too busy during the Round-Table Conference days to stop there. Mira Behn, though disciplined to be "perfect", has not forgotten the emotional tide that swept her at that moment.

Miss Madeleine Slade (Mira Behn) was with Gandhiji for over 23 years. In her book she recollects, in a flash-back technique, the memorable days she spent in the Gandhi Ashrams, in jail and among the people afflicted with diseases and stranded in appalling conditions.

It all began in Paris when she called on Romain Rolland, with just a smattering of French, to have a better realization of Beethoven. While talking to her the French savant made a chance reference to Gandhiji and she at once found herself drawn to this name. She went to meet the Mahatma, whose political mission compelled her to commit herself to making this *Pilgrimage*. The book describes her hazardous yet most fascinating journey with the Mahatma.

Politicians, especially those who have to depend on ballot for their fate, nurse their constituencies with passion and care. How the voters are persuaded to vote, and how actually they vote are described in detail in Sir Ivor Jennings' book *Parti Politics*, Vol. 1: *Appeal To the People*. Cambridge University Press (387 pp., 45 sh.)

Sir Ivor has traced the constitutional development of

Britain since the eighteenth century laying emphasis on the first Reform Bill, the subsequent stirring changes in Electoral proceedings, some fifty years thereafter, in 1831, and the redistribution of constituencies in 1885 which changed the voting pattern of that country altogether.

These changes coupled with moral habits, observes Sir Ivor, have strengthened the two party-system, now largely free of corrupt practices. A Liberal doctrine in the true sense rules the roost in Britain. Jennings also traces the shape of old campaigning methods mainly based on local politics. He brings his story of campaigning up to date, portraying how larger issues are paraded to dazzle and attract new voters. In the new approach parties have come to occupy their place in the front—a fact Jennings has revealed with dexterity.

Adlai Stevenson has termed the polling days in America as "The Liberal Hour"—an hour when ideas are thrashed out and people are ready to welcome new ideas. Taking his clue from Adlai Stevenson's phrase, Prof. J.K. Galbraith, the economist famed for his *The Affluent Society* has come out with *The Liberal Hour*—a collection of his lectures, Hamish Hamilton (192 pp, 18s).

"Our greatest danger, in these days of massive introspection is from our terrible solemnity". This sentence in a way is the theme of his lectures. He attacks conventional thinking in economics and in turn does some rethinking himself. He discusses inflation and suggests that it can

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be controlled by a capable and determined government. The myth of American economy which is based on arms purchase gets a shattering blow from him.

Galbraith's lectures will not be popular for their masterly exposition of economic problems. They will be for the amusing wit, humour and urbanity. Who else, for instance, could have dived on pleasures and of uses of bankruptcy, or of Ford's role as a pioneer public relations man with Galbraith's ease and fluency?

Collected Essays by Aldous Huxley, Chatto and Windus (309 pp, 30s) are in a different vein. Huxley is mostly serious. His subjects are many and varied and range from Nature to drugs, sex to religion, and in between we have glimpses of literature, history, music and philosophy. Wherever he is funny it is at the cost of someone else's ignorance. The Eastern mysticism inevitably appears in these essays time and again to remind us that Huxley is among those Westerners who are eager to seek spiritual solace in the East.

Dame Edith Sitwell's passion for Swinburne's poetry has led her to collect his best poems in *Swinburne: A Selection* (Weidenfeld Nicolson, 286pp, 25s).

Swinburne has been variedly acclaimed for his vigour and verve and for his technical mastery. The only thing that has shrouded his fame are his views on religion. The Dame has chosen those poems of his where the sense is drowned in rhythm, and as a result the poet emerges in the twilight that will please many.

Bachelors, wherever they be, seek a spiritual affinity and sometimes demonstrate a fellow-feeling which will puzzle those who have escaped from their ring. At times they are funny, at others in a serious mood. They have bohemian traits, and all that. Miss Muriel Spark has tried to portray them in her novel *The Bachelors*, Macmillan (241pp, 16s).

Patrick Seton, one among them, who belongs to "Wider Infinity"—a so-called spiritualist group, gets involved in a forgery case. Ronald Bridges, another bachelor, a handwriting expert is called in by a barrister friend, Martin Bowles, to testify in this case. In this plight the bachelors get relief from some young women who are devotees at the shrine of the spiritualists club. A comic thread runs through whole of it. Trikrish

Theatre in Bombay

A Triumph for Moliere

MOLIERE'S *Tartuffe* is a very funny play. It is a true classic in the sense that its freshness never fades. Even bad acting and unimaginative production cannot altogether diminish its spirit on the stage. Not all the acting in the Theatre Unit's recent production was bad, and though Mr Alkazi's directorial talents were not fully extended, his own performance in the title role was exemplary. More of this later. First let us pay homage to Moliere and *Tartuffe*. The play is a farce but not a trifle. Beneath its wanton exaggeration, wit, house-of-cards structure and melodrama is a deadly purpose. We should remind ourselves that when it was written, in the middle of the seventeenth century, Louis XIV felt compelled to ban its public performance. A long and bitter struggle had to be waged by Moliere and his supporters before the *Tartuffes* of his day were finally defeated. Religious hypocrisy is not less widespread today than it was in Moliere's time. *Tartuffe* is a universal type of the confidence trickster. The play is an expose in which the humour is not sugar-coating but insight into character presented with an inventive malevolence.

And so we come to the bad acting in the Theatre Unit's production. This was of two kinds. The badness of inexperience and meagre talent, which is easy to forgive, and the badness of superficiality and sophistication, which is a sin against the intellect. The first kind of badness we have become accustomed to in Bombay when witnessing plays in English. Not in ten years has there been a production with a strong supporting cast, unless the *dramatis personae* are limited to three or four. Blame the circumstances, blame the director. Most people have no idea how unhelpful the circumstances are, so they blame the director. Was it really impossible, they say, to find someone more capable than so-and-so? Perhaps it was, but all of us must draw the line somewhere in the things we do, whatever our special difficulties and circumstances beyond our control. When we are asked to believe that a beautiful maiden is passionately adored by an eligible young man, the pair of lovers must at least look convincing, even if they cannot act. Otherwise the illusion of the theatre through which reality is revealed is badly mauled. No more need be said about this. A word to

the wise.....

The bad acting of superficiality and sophistication was demonstrated by Anthony Toyne in the important role of Orgon, who is taken in by Tartuffe's hypocrisy. His Comic Method, if it may be so called, was to shake for all he was worth, from top to toe, to speak every sentence with a violent emphasis, and to make his face work very hard at a variety of rapid-fire expressions. I've never seen an actor shake so much and work so strenuously. The sheer physical effort must have been prodigious, and to what purpose? To convince us that Orgon is a ridiculous simpleton? In that case, Tartuffe's power over him is not a tribute to that hypocrite's skill and intelligence at dissimulation. And it is difficult to explain why his wife, who is no simpleton, is so fond of him. I must say frankly that I found it something of an ordeal watching Mr Toyne exert himself so greatly in the wrong direction, to prove that Orgon is a fool.

Madame Parnelle, mother of Orgon, was played with considerable dignity by Freda Toyne. In a fine exercise of marital independence, she did not imitate the shaking of her son, but was

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JWT GNW-1866

every inch the domineering old mother-in-law. Her polished performance did not, however, raise the tone of the production very much, nor did John Smithard's brief appearance as the bailiff do more than just about hit off a pompous ass of an official. One sees such surface perfection as they provided, in the commercial theatre of Broadway and Shaftesbury Avenue. It lacks depth. It lacks heart. It does not lack intelligence and talent. Playing to the gallery is its occupational disease.

Bursting through these varying levels of acting, which constitute the most disconcerting feature of a Theatre Unit production, was Alkazi's Tartuffe. This was a masterpiece of variety, particularly notable in an actor whose frequent weakness is a certain repetition of mannerism, unvarying intensity in serious roles, studied spontaneity in comedy. As Tartuffe, he excelled himself by creating a style. The obvious was left to look after itself. No playing for laughs, no exhibitionist emphasis on personality, no movement or gesture wasted in meaningless exuberance. This was a creation of precise effects and of delicate nuances brought out with the flick of a wrist, the sly turning of head or shoulder, a cynical twist of the lips. Alkazi's

confident stage presence establishes his authority. His complete clarity of speech, for which he has not always been notable, was the pleasantest surprise of the evening. To act like this is to create a character. Anything less is mimicry.

Following Alkazi at some distance were Yasmin Mody as Dorine and Minoo Chhori as Cleanthe, Orgon's brother-in-law. Mr Chhori cannot bring to his roles energy and attack, the large sweep, the dominating presence, and emotional appeal, but he is still an actor of unquestionable integrity on his own level. Despite his limitations, he did create the impression of the small-town professional struggling to maintain his precarious moral courage in a situation which is a little too big for him. Yasmin Mody can only be described as delightful, all expressive youthfulness and saucy femininity. As for Usha Amin, I have seriously considered concluding this review without mentioning her performance as Elmire, wife of Orgon. Usha's past successes entitle her to be noticed and the role was no minor one. Called in at a week's notice to substitute for a defaulting, Usha displayed the qualities of a stock actress, sturdy, knowledgeable, competent. There is no need to pretend that there

was anything artistic about it. Usha did not get under the skin of Elmire, but detachedly presented an external image of her which was cold and passive.

Nothing in this production touched the imagination, favourably or unfavourably, except the acting. The sets had mostly negative virtues. So had the music. The costumes being unstylish gave no scope for experiment. The final triumph was Moliere's. The audience was hugely entertained.

Nissim Ezekiel

Divided House

(Continued from page 8)

party lines. In the countryside the only political organization that exists is the Congress. Even if other parties challenge and campaign against the Congress that will not make much difference. The contest will be largely within the Congress organization itself and it seems the various groups in it are out to test their respective strengths.

The Rajasthan Pradesh Congress is in a terrible mess—afflicted by the same sickness as that plagues U.P. If one happens to visit the State Congress Office one finds only empty chairs; the clerks and other junior staff care little for an organ that has not paid them for months. And if one happens to meet the Congress worker he will recall with nostalgia the two Congress workers' camps, the first held some two years ago at Alwar and the second as recent as August at Purana Ghat at Jaipur. He will compare his enthusiasm which was at full tide at one place and at the lowest ebb at the other to prove how much difference these two years have made to the local Congress organization. If he is an intellectual, he may even complain about the irregular publication of *Janpad*, the official organ of the Pradesh Congress Party.

The question is who is to be blamed: the Ministerial group headed by Mr Sukhadia, the Chief Minister, or the organizational group headed by Mr Mathuradass Mathur, President of the Pradesh Congress? Whoever is to be blamed, one thing is obvious. Mr Mathur no longer enjoys the same confidence and support from the organization as he did previously. At least the

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three district Congress Committees of Ajmer, Bikaner and Jodhpur are dead-set against him. Some have their personal resentments and now want to settle old scores with him. Essentially, Mr Mathur is a partyman who likes to build up his own following; but he is also always in a hurry. To make matters worse he is not known for accepting his defeat.

In Bikaner Mr Mathur has lent his support to Mrs Kanta Kathuria, the Municipal Chairman, who joined the Congress along with a few others nearly a month back and who enjoys little confidence of the Congress members in the Municipality. The leader of the Congress Party in the Municipality is Mr Dwarkadas Purohit. Yet he has been denied to be the Chairman of that body. The leader of the Municipal Party is angry because his party was not allowed to vote when a no-confidence motion was brought against the Chairman.

In Jodhpur too the Congress is divided into two groups and the

(Continued on page 20)

COURT NOTICE

Proclamation Requiring Attendance of Defendant (Order 5, Rule 20 of the Code of Civil Procedure)

In the Court of
SHRI MAHESH CHANDRA
P.C.S. Sub-Judge 1st Class,
Delhi.

Suit No. 387 of 1960
M/s. Bishamber Dass & Sons
(P) Ltd. of 11 Okhla Industrial
Estate, N. Delhi

Plaintiff,

Against
The Central Board of
Industries & Commerce &
Another
Defendants.

To

1. The Central Board of Industries & Commerce, 16-B/4 Asaf Ali Road, New Delhi.
2. Shri T.N. Mathar, Sale Proprietor, The Central Board of Industries & Commerce 16-B/4 Asaf Ali Road, New Delhi.

The Defendant Above-named

WHEREAS you are intentionally evading service of summons it is hereby notified that if you shall not defend the case on the 14th day of November 1960 the day fixed for the final disposal, it will be heard and determined ex-parte.

GIVEN under my hand and the seal of the Court, this 28th day of October 1960.

Sd.-
Sub-Judge 1st Class,
Delhi

(Seal)

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of

TARPAULINS

and

CANVAS

Contact

Maman Chand Ramji Das

22, VISHNU BAZAR, CLOTH MARKET,

DELHI-6.

Phone : 23225

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19

FRANKLY, I don't understand the excitement some of my colleagues in the Capital's fraternity of journalists were this week smitten with over the American presidential election. In the ultimate analysis, it is America which is more important than the personality of the gentleman who adorns that country's Presidential gaddi for the next four years.

I don't deny the importance of personality. In their times Jefferson and Wilson made a difference in American history which might easily have not been there had some others been in their places. More recently, Franklin Roosevelt accounted to no small extent for all the difference between pre- and post-New Deal America. Even President Eisenhower during his tenure of office has in several ways been somewhat of a Father figure for the Americans—and a symbol of their ethos, so to say. But I don't think either Kennedy or Nixon is cut out for that role.

Besides, so much water has in post-War decades flown down the rivers throughout the world that it strikes me as just simplicity itself to think of American impact in terms of that made by a single individual, or even by a party. In any case, so far as the world outside is concerned, it is, I think, the American totality, with all its virtues and failings, that matters. And as far as I am able to see, the American totality wears no party badge.

However, it was refreshing that for a change, if nothing else, our journalists, especially those haunting the Coffee Houses, turned their gaze for a while from the Talmudic congregation in Moscow to the battle of the hustings in America. Unconsciously perhaps but unmistakably they thus owned an important truism: nothing stirs the honest Indian heart so much as the doings of a free people acting in freedom and without fear.

Putting the Coin, for What?

Apropos the conference in Moscow, it amuses me hugely that so much coin continues to be put on it by so many, not a few of them outstanding men of affairs and experience. If I am to go by what a distinguished colleague in the profession has said elsewhere, Mr Nehru even seems to think the outcome of the ideological Dargal (wrestling match) in Moscow might decide how we would be required to tackle Chinese aggression in our North!

A Beachcomber's Diary

What is the position actually? Here is a hint from the first, prestige article in the latest issue to hand of the *World Marxist Review*, the journal of the

Heard in Town

—At the tea party at the conclusion of the Governors' Conference, one of them complained that only one Governor among so many of them was far too inadequate.

—That's true. The creche has become bigger since it was got going.

de facto Comintern with headquarters in Prague:

"Peaceful coexistence in no way contradicts Marxist-Leninist thesis of the class struggle and the Socialist revolution. The very posing of the question—'peaceful coexistence or class struggle', or 'the victory of world Socialist revolution'—is wrong. In the first place, coexistence is, in itself, a special form of class struggle. In the second, it does not annul other forms of the class struggle in the Capitalist countries, but implies that this struggle will develop."

Again:

"Peaceful coexistence...cannot be interpreted as signifying 'class peace'. ...Translated into reality the principles of peaceful coexistence make joint action between home and foreign reaction... difficult and even impossible...."

The same voice of international Communism had earlier placed Mr Nehru himself in the camp of "reaction".

Why then all the excitement about the palaver in Moscow? I wonder.

U Nu's Peking Bag

I don't know how far it is true, but rumours are that in U Nu's Peking Bag for Mr Nehru there are three Chinese offers.

First, for the sake of Panchsheel and peace in Asia and in deference to U Nu, Peking is, it is said, prepared to concede that the McMahon Line is India's frontier in her North-East. This won't affect Longju which the Chinese maps show well outside Indian zone. Nevertheless to help revive Bhai-Bhai-ism, Longju can be vacated by the Chinese in return for an Indian agreement not to "reoccupy" the place.

Secondly, in the "middle region" China is prepared not to press for changing the present status of Barahoti, Lahaul and Spiti passes. As earnest of Indian

response to China's "friendly gesture", Peking will, however, expect India to refrain from bringing them under garrison guard.

Thirdly, in the South-East region of Ladakh around the Chusul airstrip, the Chinese will have no objection to creating a 15-20 mile demilitarized zone and withdrawing Chinese troops beyond that limit. Does it matter if this leaves the Chinese over 35 miles deep within the Indian frontier in this sector?

The only condition for these "generous" offers is our acceptance of a "small" Chinese demand: the Aksai-Chin area as well as the rest of Ladakh now under Chinese "actualities" minus a 15-20 mile belt in its South-East should be officially recognized as Chinese.

The rumour goes that, assuming "magnanimity" on Mr Nehru's part, U Nu sees no reason why our Prime Minister shouldn't agree to this offer and visit Peking by March next to sign a treaty about it. The only snag he is said to see is that the politically vocal Indian middle classes are "war-mongers"—the Praja Socialists about the worst among them.

With the prospects of massive Sino-Burma trade so promising at the moment, U Nu is evidently keen on doing a good turn to Peking.

Prof. Theodor Heuss

Prof. Theodor Heuss, former President of West Germany, who is currently on a visit to our country as a private German citizen belongs to that rare tribe of talented men who have adorned politics, journalism and academic chairs with equal distinction. But perhaps the most remarkable thing about him is that while talking to him one doesn't even suspect he is the author of some 1850 books, 39 of which are on politics, history of culture and national economics.

A bird whispers to me that when Dr Radhakrishnan first met Prof. Heuss in Germany some years ago, his greatest surprise was the discovery that the Professor was so well up in Upanishadic and Vedantic lore that few even among the Sanskrit scholars in India could hope to outmatch him. No wonder he chose Kalidasa's *Shakuntala* as the centre-piece for his address to the Delhi University students.

I guess it was this aspect of the great Professor's personality that made Mr Nehru spend quite some time at the reception the German Embassy held last week in honour of the visiting dignitary.

Children's Evening

Any function Shankar organizes is a 'must' in my calendar, whatever the preoccupation otherwise. And I have always found myself happier and richer at the end of every such function. But I believe even Shankar would agree that last week's function where the Prime Minister, as usual, gave away the prizes to the winners of the International Children's Competition was among his best in recent years. It was in every sense a Children's Evening—as it should have been.

I liked most the tiny tot,—Miss [bread and butter] Gopalakrishnan...who presided over the function with supreme confidence. My next bouquet for the evening goes to the 4-year-old Balo. Mr Nehru was perceptibly thrilled as she bravely strode up to the platform to receive her prize.

And I think the prize-winners, and all the other children present in the auditorium, felt no less thrilled as distinguished Excellencies and other representatives of the various embassies were called upon to receive the prizes on behalf of the winners of their countries. Japan had the largest share of the "booty", with USA coming next.

Mea Culpa!

Perhaps it was the weather; perhaps I had been woolgathering a bit. But whatever the reason, I had the rather embarrassing experience of finding myself a gatecrasher at a party last week.

I was on my way to the German Ambassador's reception to Prof. Heuss. Somewhere I must have taken a wrong turn and joined the wrong queue of cars. Then followed a wrong cue from a guide who asked me to go ahead.

In the event I landed into a function which was presumably intended to be a house reception for the new British High Commissioner, Sir Paul Gore-Booth. Mercifully, everyone was correct and behaved as if I had done just the right thing.

Well, well, shall I say *Mea Culpa*? Maybe I had better order a drink.

Beachcomber

Divided House

(Continued from page 18)

influential one is against Mr Mathur. In Bilara tehsil at a recent kisan conference the two groups, headed by Mr Parshram and Mr Bhairon Singh respectively, fought openly on the platform. Mr Parshram, the district chief is at the moment on his tour of election campaign. The election result of Ajmer Congress showed traces of the not too invisible hands of Mr Mathur. In Jhalawar, and in the Jaipur district the elections are yet to be held.

The dacoits' interest in politics is perhaps Rajasthan's latest malady. Recently, Mr Bhairon Singh, the Leader of the Opposition and the leader of Jana Sangh Assembly Party, received an ultimatum—a letter from a dacoit—asking him to resign his Assembly seat. If he did not his life would be in danger! Similar letters are said to have been received by the Chief Minister, Mr Sukhadia and the Revenue Minister, Mr Damodar Lal Vyas. The photostat copies of the letters were published in the newspapers here.

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Institute of the History of Medicine

ON November 6 and 7 some of the leading physicians, scientists and educators met in Vigyan Bhawan under the auspices of Hamdard-Dawakhana Trust to consider establishing an Institute of the History of Medicine. A single charitable institute taking on itself such a gigantic task seems unbelievable—at least that is how it looked to pressmen who assembled at the Hamdard building two days before the conference. Hamdard perhaps apprehended this general feeling and before the Institute plan came up for discussion they thought it better to take us round their various sections of medicine manufacturing departments, pharmacology, quality control department and research department so as to convince us of the gigantic strides Hamdard had taken since independence. And we came out convinced that among practitioners of indigenous system of medicines only they could have done it.

In the course of the discussion the Institute of History of Medicine, appeared to be an attempt to synthesize various systems of medicine: Unani, Arabic, Ayurvedic, Chinese and Allopathic. It will contain besides the administrative and academic establishments, an herbarium and a drugs farm. The campus of the Institute will be located on Badarpur Road, some fifteen miles from Delhi.

The Institute will house the departments of rural and domestic medicine, health and sanitation, medical education and psychological medicine, and establishments for the comparative study of various theories of medicine, surgery and pharmacy.

About 200 post-graduate students will be trained every year in the application of various medical systems, namely, Unani, Arabic, Ayurvedic, Chinese and Allopathic—in the eight departments of the Institute. The Pharmacy College will prepare these students for the degree of Bachelor of Pharmacy and for post-graduate research and specialization.

A 400-bed hospital will be an integral part of the college. The campus will have adequate accommodation for

students and the staff. Besides hostels and residential quarters, there will be a club, playgrounds, a swimming pool, recreation and shopping centres.

Hamdard also proposes to establish a herbarium and drug farm in the immediate vicinity of the Institute of the History of Medicine. The herbarium will be a veritable storehouse

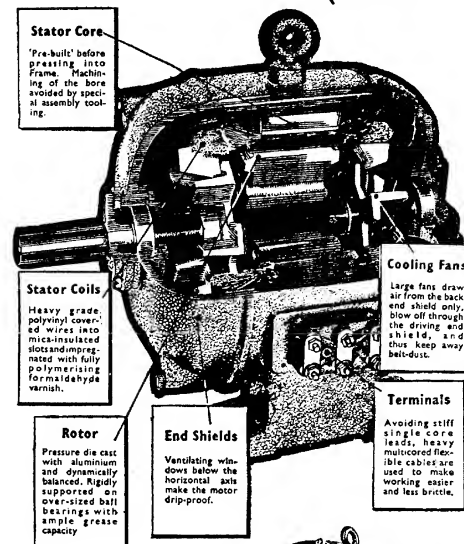
of the vast, untapped wealth of the Indian flora.

The herbarium and drug farm will be spread over nearly 250 acres of land. There will be glass houses with controlled temperatures, botanical museums, laboratory for soil analysis, cattle stables and a nursery.

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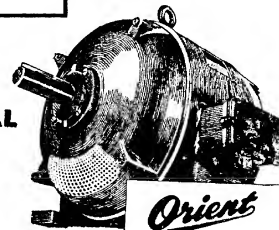
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